manga

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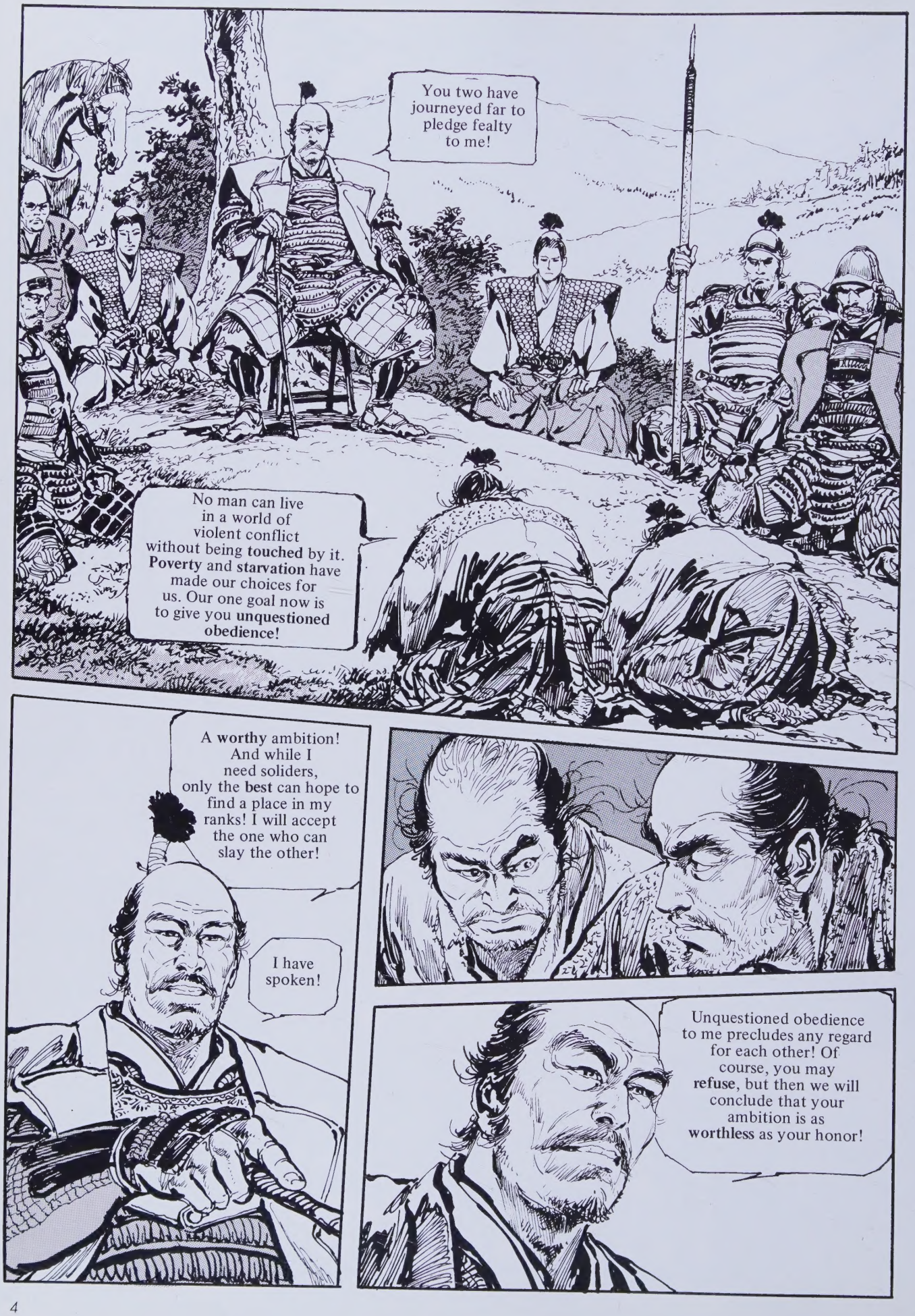
Sixteenth century Japan stood like a bloody **pyramid** divided into feudal states. Each state was ruled by a **warlord** intent on enlarging his holdings, and ultimately ascending to the **summit** of the pyramid to seize the title of **Shogun.**

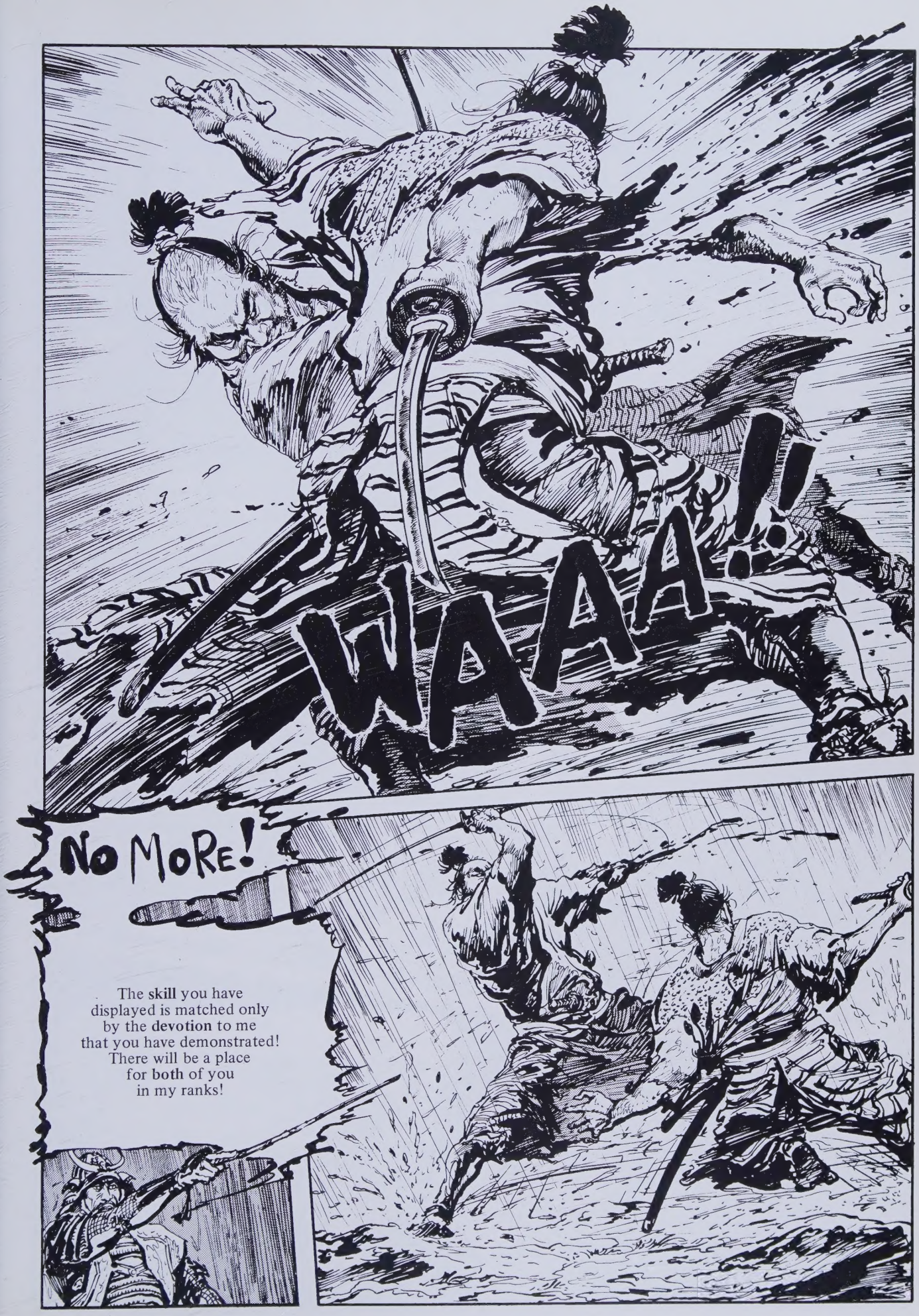
TWO WARRIORS

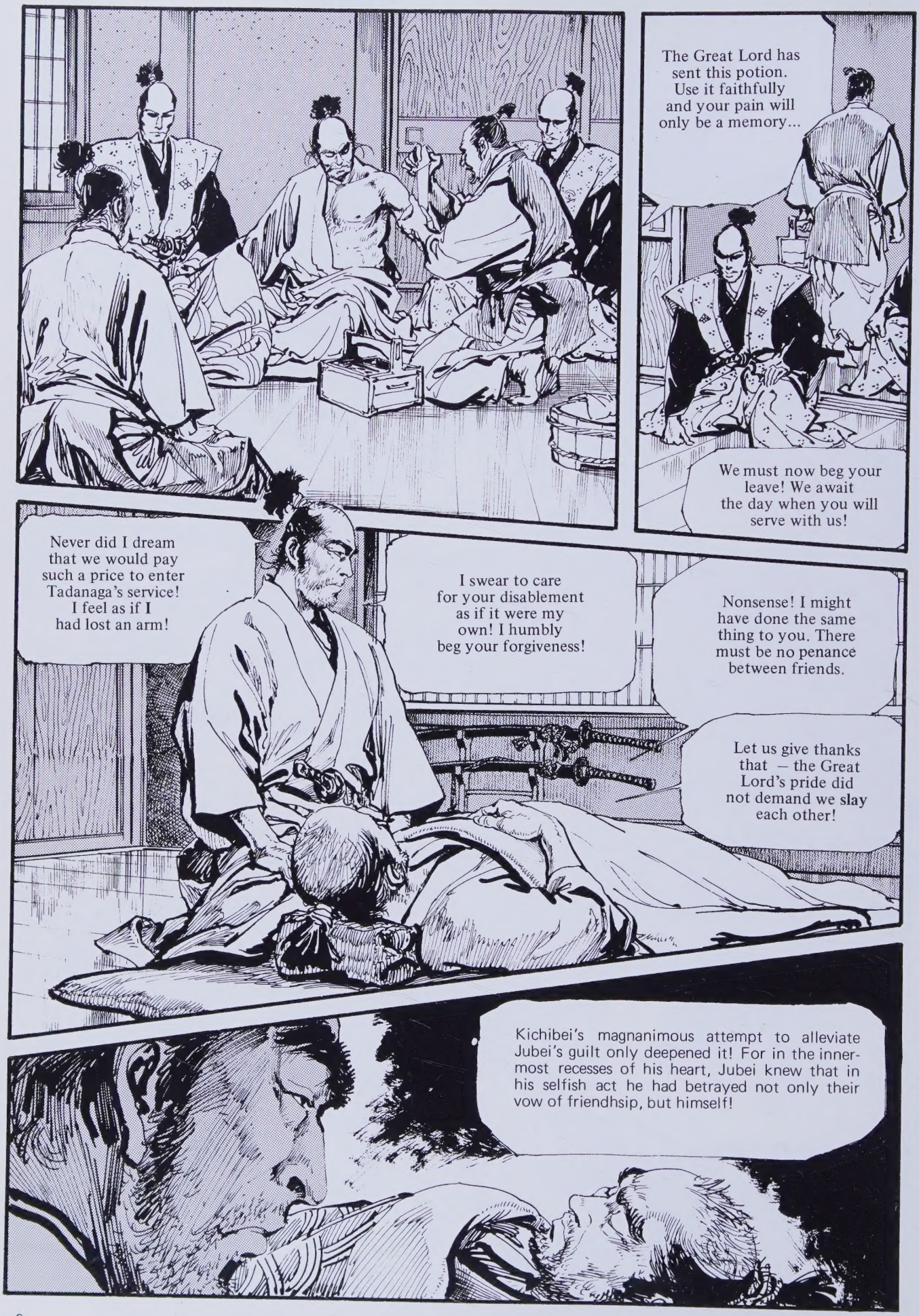
story and art by Hiroshi Hirata adapted by Larry Hama


You two have journeyed far to pledge fealty to me!
No man can live in a world of violent conflict without being **touched** by it. **Poverty** and **starvation** have made our choices for us. Our one goal now is to give you **unquestioned obedience!**
A **worthy** ambition! And while I need soliders, only the **best** can hope to find a place in my ranks! I will accept the one who can slay the other!
I have spoken!
Unquestioned obedience to me precludes any regard for each other! Of course, you may **refuse**, but then we will conclude that your ambition is as **worthless** as your honor!

Rather then live like dogs, we will prove the worthiness of our ambition and the steadfastness of our honor!
Return their long swords.
Rain.
May it cleanse the land of blood!
Do not be inhibited by our presence. Show us here the full measure of your skill!

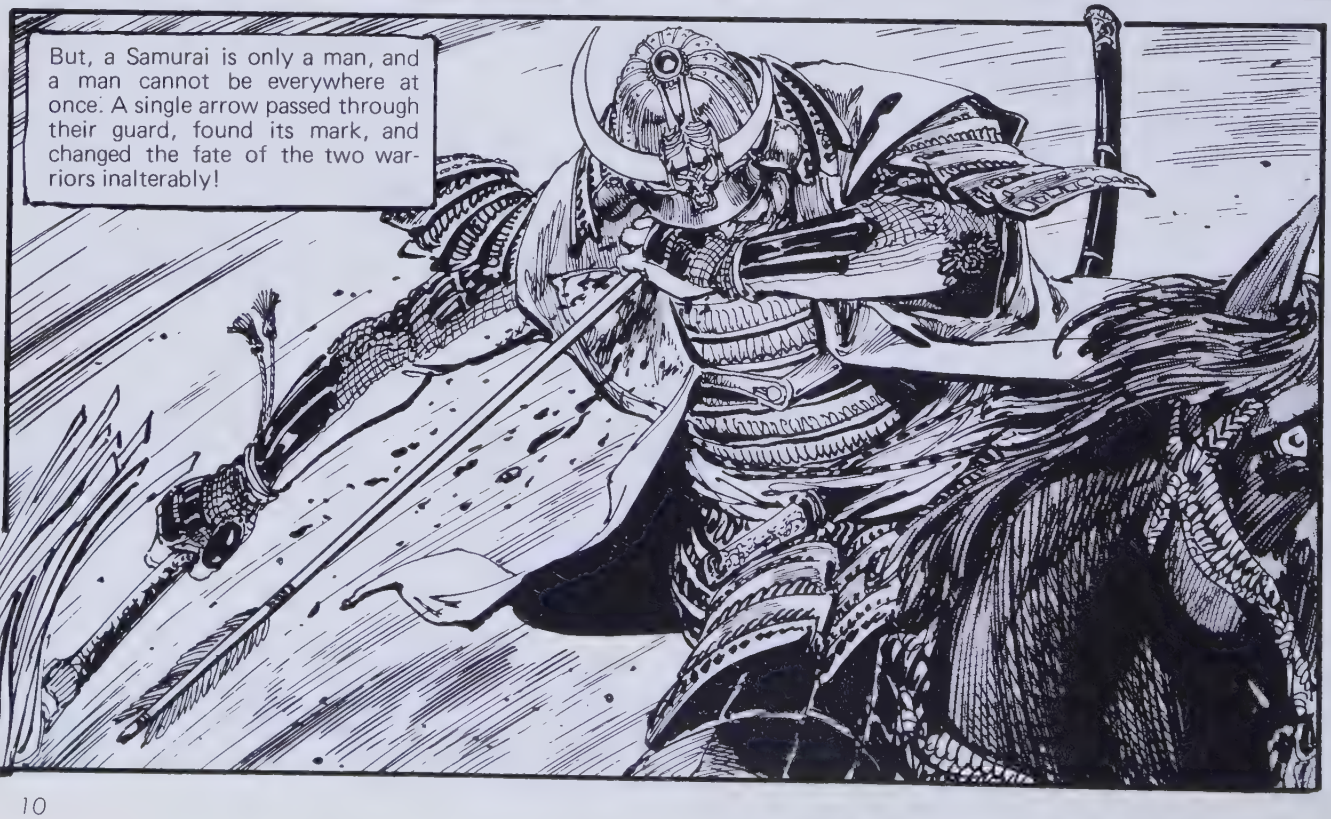
Yet, not even starvation, a vow of fealty to the Great Lord Tadanaga, or the imminence of violent death could make Kichibei disregard his friendship with Jubei!
The Great Lord's pride demands that we sacrifice our friendship to prove ourselves...
...But, my bond of friendship with Jubei also demands to be honored! I must give him the advantage...
Kichibei's regard for his friend caused him to hesitate but for a moment, and then...

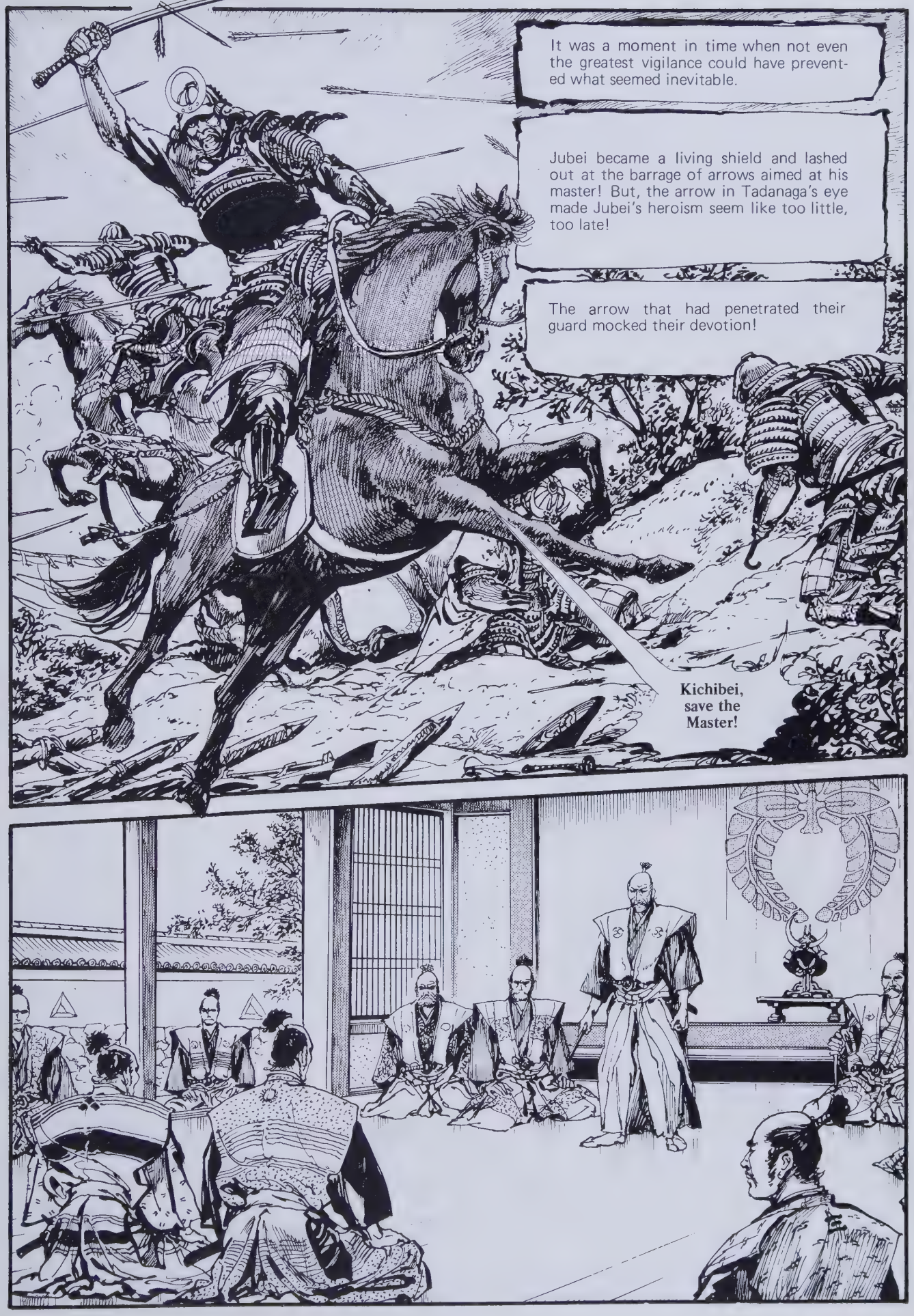

WAAA!!
NO MORE!
The skill you have displayed is matched only by the devotion to me that you have demonstrated! There will be a place for both of you in my ranks!


The Great Lord has sent this potion. Use it faithfully and your pain will only be a memory...
We must now beg your leave! We await the day when you will serve with us!
Never did I dream that we would pay such a price to enter Tadanaga's service! I feel as if I had lost an arm!
I swear to care for your disablement as if it were my own! I humbly beg your forgiveness!
Nonsense! I might have done the same thing to you. There must be no penance between friends.
Let us give thanks that – the Great Lord's pride did not demand we slay each other!
Kichibei's magnanimous attempt to alleviate Jubei's guilt only deepened it! For in the innermost recesses of his heart, Jubei knew that in his selfish act he had betrayed not only their vow of friendhsip, but himself!

Five years passed in the service of Lord Tadanaga – a hundred battles, ten thousand passes of their blades with the enemy, nearly a thousand enemy dead between them, and a score of wounds received in honor from worthy opponents.
Their performance did not go unnoticed, especially that of the crippled Kichibei.
They were rewarded when Lord Tadanaga appointed them as his personal bodyguards.

Their reward was only more hazardous service. They maintained their vigilance at Tadanaga's flanks in the most chaotic battles.


But, a Samurai is only a man, and a man cannot be everywhere at once. A single arrow passed through their guard, found its mark, and changed the fate of the two warriors inalterably!


It was a moment in time when not even the greatest vigilance could have prevented what seemed inevitable.
Jubei became a living shield and lashed out at the barrage of arrows aimed at his master! But, the arrow in Tadanaga's eye made Jubei's heroism seem like too little, too late!
The arrow that had penetrated their guard mocked their devotion!
Kichibei, save the Master!

You know your duty –to protect the Great Lord! You know what duty requires now – Harakiri!
Yes, we know our duty – but that duty is to our Lord Tadanaga!
While he still lives, we are not free to take our lives!
Cowardly rhetoric! Your duty demands your obedience to my command!
Pompous ass! Do not speak of what you do not know! If these wounds had tongues they would speak volumes of five years of duty faithfully fulfilled! No coward ever bore such scars!

?!
My oath of fealty requires an act of contrition!

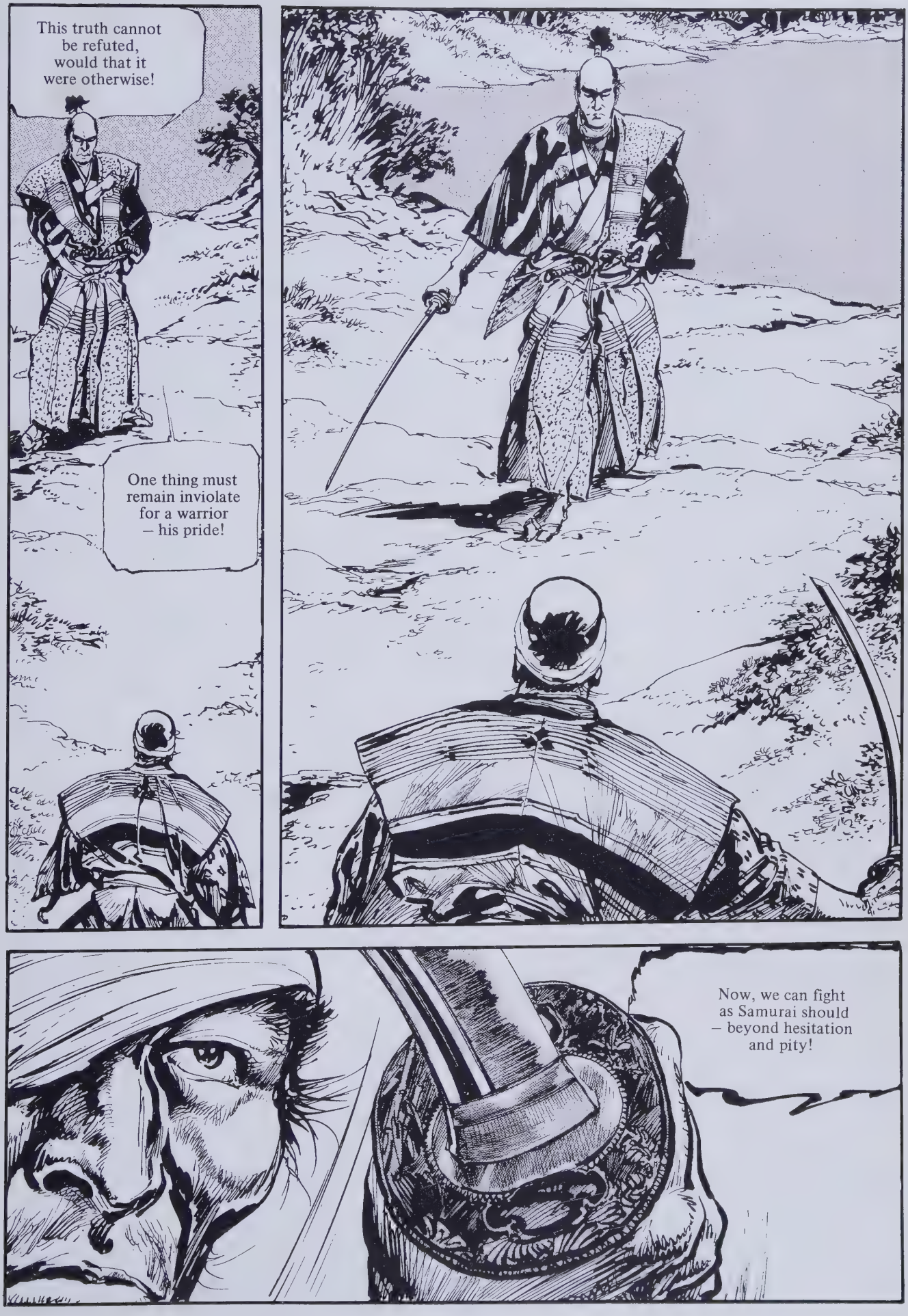
Kichibei, you have made good your oath as often as I! Why now this?
Please tell the Great Lord that I hope this gesture will correct my deficiency in protecting him!
When I share the suffering of our Lord, I feel my sense of duty growing stronger!
Your gesture is **understood**! Your sentiment is **appreciated**! The Master will hear of it! Then – he will decide your fate!
So.....
Kichibei pierced his own eye!?
It was an impressive gesture! One that makes me ashamed to sit in judgement of him!
Enough!
The matter bores me! Have Jubei dispose of Kichibei! There is no place in my service for an one-eyed cripple!
I understand.

Why have you summoned me here, Jubei?
Leave this place and never look back!
Why do you speak so strangely?
The Lord refuses to understand your act of devotion! His ears have grown deaf to my words! He has commanded me to slay you!
I will have the reason!
There is no place in the ranks for an one-armed man with one eye!
The Lord can see no use for you!
The guard is on its way to see that the Lord's will is done!
Look at me!
I demand to know! If my performance did not meet with the Lord Tadanaga's approval, why was I granted wealth and position equal to your own?
On your own merits, I assure you!
Liar! Your eyes betray the mendacity in your heart!

I could never turn my back on this place without knowing the truth! Speak! Let your tongue reveal why a cripple was allowed to serve!
Unhand me and you shall know!
When I cut off your arm, I shamed myself with my own selfishness! I confessed this to the Great Lord when I refused his offer...
In this age of treachery, your loyalty to your friend is laudable!
I will grant you a boon! Speak quickly, my indulgence is rare!
Gracious Lord, grant me that Kichibei will share my good fortune in serving you – in no less a station than myself! Only this and nothing more!
So be it!
So, you protected me! You pitied me and Tadanaga tolerated me!
It was the only compensation I could offer for the loss of your arm!
OHHH!
Did you think you were showing me consideration or expiating your guilt?!
Either one or both robbed me of my pride!

Severed limbs and mutilations are just inconveniences of the flesh! But, the loss of a warriors pride is beyond measure! Your pity has caused me more agony than all my wounds!
Should I be grateful?
Such compassion is beyond forgiveness!
The truth you speak cannot be denied!
But, try and believe that I never meant to dishonor you, and yet...
...somehow I expected it to come to this!
But, remember Kichibei...
...I only responded in kind!
Stop speaking in riddles!
When did I ever show such compassion!?
Perhaps you have forgotten, but I never could!
Had our match been fought with spears, I woud have been at an advantage! But, to face you with a sword in my hand was a portent of defeat! Your mastery of the sword was never rivaled by me!
But, that day compassion staid your hand! Even as I came on guard, I could see that you had allowed friendship to mitigate your skill!

Ahhh... Yes, those were the days when I believed that friendship required one to put a friend's welfare above one's own concerns!
Your act of compassion set the precedent for my own conduct!
Say no more!
I have seen more truth today than most men with two eyes see in a lifetime! – A warriors truth!
Friendship is just another adversary!
Friendship is alien to the warrior's creed! There is honor only in victory or death!


This truth cannot be refuted, would that it were otherwise!
One thing must remain inviolate for a warrior – his pride!
Now, we can fight as Samurai should – beyond hesitation and pity!

RYAAA

They were compelled by their warrior's creed to die as they had lived! We are compelled by motherhood to see that our sons live for life – and not for death!
Thus the wives of Kichibei and Jubei left the protection of Lord Tadanaga to return to the village of their birth, where they might find solace for their grief.
END

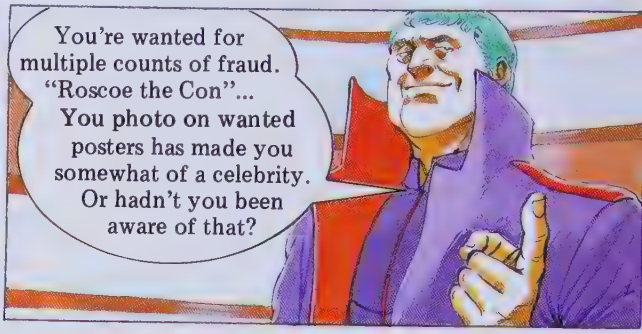
DOWN TIME
story and art by Yousuke Tamori
adapted by Mike Friedrich
HEY!? All Control Systems just went down — terminated! The entire city has begun to panic.
This is IMPOSSIBLE! All systems can't malfunction at once. What's wrong?
Input/output's okay — so's processing and communications.
Then we check every detail. This situation can't continue.
Guess we'll have to consider a cut in our salary.

This doesn't make **SENSE!** Every single device gives us normal readings.
Wait! There's one place we **HAVEN'T** checked...
The C.P.U.? CAN'T be! Central Processing **ITSELF** can't go down.
Maybe not, but when was the last time we even **DUSTED** down there?

WHAT?! You were RIGHT!
The central brain unit's gone SENILE!
Well, we'll just have to insert a NEW one! What a mess!
Yeah, then call the LAWYERS! The service life of this batch from Earth is too SHORT!.
END

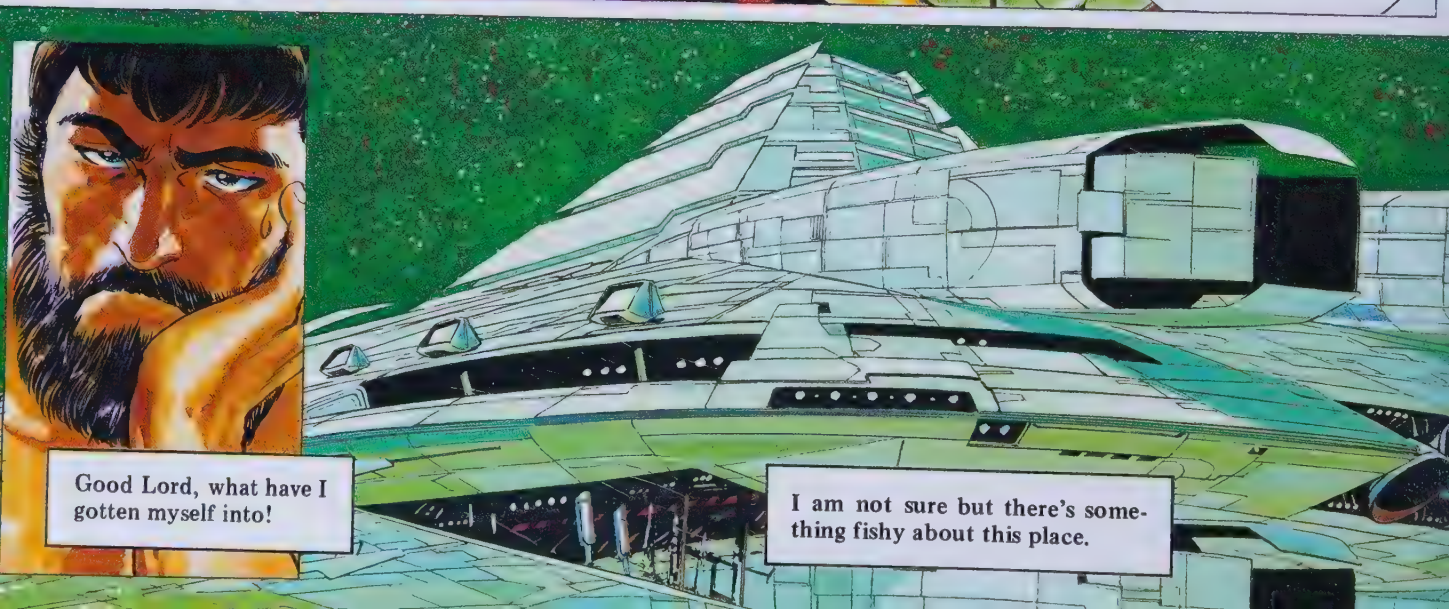
I'd been floating around in space for two years before being picked up by the ship.
You see, two years ago the crew of a certain cargo vessel ganged up on this one con man and cast him out into the black emptiness of space...and I happen to be that con man...
Fortunately, my spacesuit was equipped with a simple hibernation device that has enabled me to survive the entire ordeal. Somewhere, somehow though, I will get even.
At any rate, since I seem to have been born under a lucky sign, I've made it through worse...
And I guess you could say that being taken in by that ship was indeed a stroke of luck...
THE MASK OF THE RED DWARF STAR
Story and art by Yukinori Hoshino adapted by M

Congratulations! You have the privilege of the 1 millionth passenger on board this ship...
Now hold still, I'm going to give you a nutrition injection.
When I awoke, a beautiful woman stood before me. Another stroke of luck!... But still...


You're wanted for multiple counts of fraud. "Roscoe the Con"... You photo on wanted posters has made you somewhat of a celebrity. Or hadn't you been aware of that?

Jesus Christ! During my two years floating around in space, little had I known that no less than four planets had filed charges against me!...Not that I'm innocent by any means, of course...

It's a shame, but we are going to have to turn you over to the proper authorities at the next space station. Just bear that in mind.
You are free to do as you please while you're on board this ship. I don't imagine you'll feel like escaping though.



proach a fixed star that glowed red and was somewhat bizarre.

Then several days after being rescued by the ship.....

Well, I guess we oughta get the damn vampires up.

Rise and shine! The year is 2192 and we will presently be approaching an unusual star.

You'll have the opportunity of viewing a rather spectacular phenomenon. Those wishing to observe this are asked to report to the lobby.

ZZZZZ..... Hmmm..... Oh, boy.....

Here we go!

What's this about a strange star? I guess we shouldn't miss out on it.

Forget it! I'm sleeping. I ain't gonna waste my life.....

You hear that! It's 2192. That means I've turned 200!

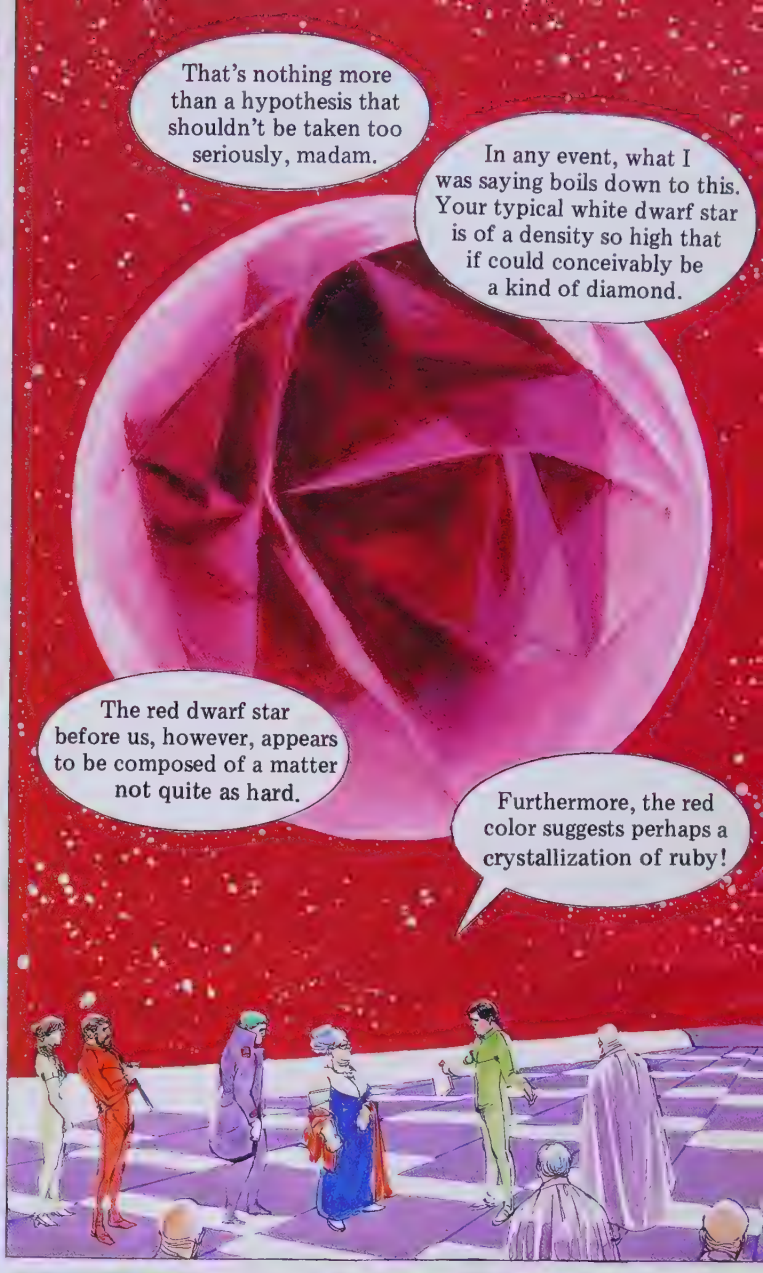
Who the hell are those relics?!
Sssh...
quite wealthy...
You see, this space-craft was constructed as a place for them to spend the remainder of their lives.
So that's what's fishy about this place...
This ship was none other than a super-fancy mobile old folks home. While travelling through and enjoying the magnificent panorama of the cosmos, these people would spend the bulk of their hours in hibernation capsules, in order to stretch out what years they had left.
Well, I guess if anything, their lives would indeed stretch on. How typical of the rich and privileged: to be able to leisurely while away the final years of life as if slowly sipping away at fine wine...
Though crew members like myself change at each space station, the passengers travel until they perish — which can take as long as 100 or 200 years.
You do have to admit that just about anybody would become pretty terrified at the thought of his own impending death though.
Did I ever tell you about the time I discovered that sea of liquid uranium on Morg?
Hey, get some females over here wil ya! There are new wom aboard, aren't there?!
...So that's when I gave that director a piece of my mind. I told him to find a new actress cause I was gonna find myself a new director!

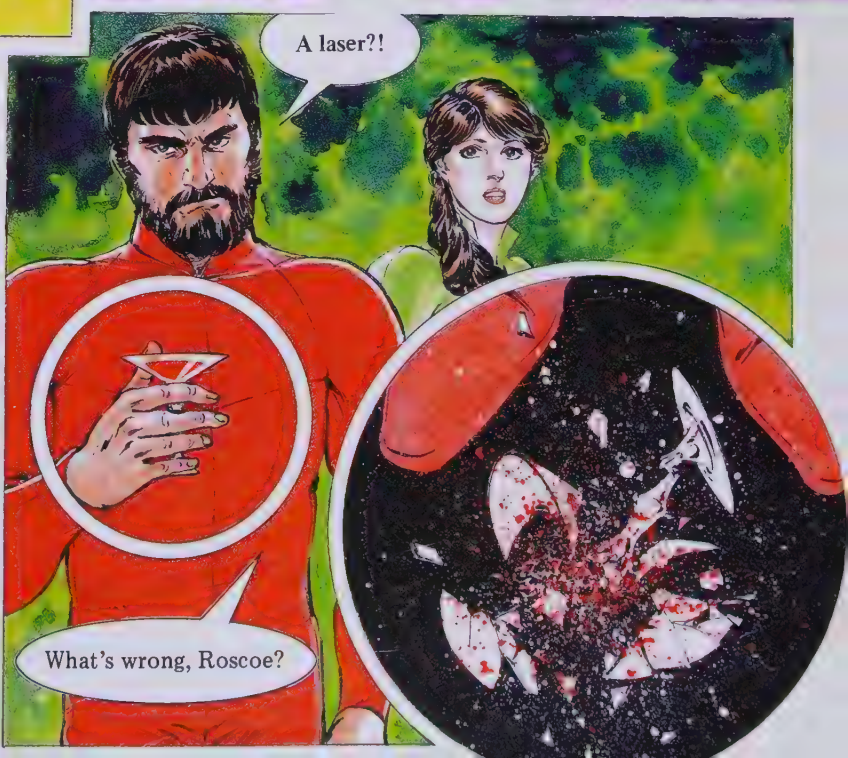
What we're looking at is a type of dwarf star that's nearing the end of its life span——
——Uh...that is, of course, you must bear in mind that stars of this nature are normally white and are known as white dwarf stars...
...But for some reason this one before us is red in color and thus must be a red dwarf star!
Please try these on.
ow what have we here?
They're to protect your eyes from the flash.
The flash?
Our computers tell us that Poe, the second star of the constellation of Ringer, is going to Supernova.
A Supernova is, of course, the most spectacular show in the cosmos!
Won't we be in danger?
Not at all. Moving closer to the dwarf star will put it between us and the Supernova.
That red dwarf star should act as a shield to protect us from the incredible light and energy that will be released at the moment of the Supernova.
So you see, a Supernova is simply a massive explosion that occurs when a fixed star dies.....
.....Alright already! I think we've heard more than enough about stars at the end of their life spans and dying!

...There's our girl! Hold on, honey!
Look, I'm Dracula! Sucking the blood of young women will keep me alive forever! Yo — ho, ho, ho...
I don't think I care for this ship one bit... Supernova? Red dwarf star? I don't like the sound of this. Something tells me we're in for trouble.....
Gotcha!
Stop it! I happen to be a physician and no the type of female you're looking for!
...But I just can't put my finger on what it's going to be.
Oops! I am sorry! You're not hurt now are you? I just must've slipped or something.....
Are you alright? Ah, that's a relief. Let me bring you another drink...
...So you see, ladies and gentlemen, the point I'm getting at is eternal youth and immortality. I have this friend of mine doing research in that field.....
And what with the addition of current scientific technology, I'm convinced we have here the makings of a truly promising

I almost blew it! Oh well, stick me in a roomful of suckers and I always revert back to my old tricks...

I want a hunk of that star! We can certainly chip off a bit, can't we Captain? Couldn't we use a laser or something...
Madam, your request is out of the question.

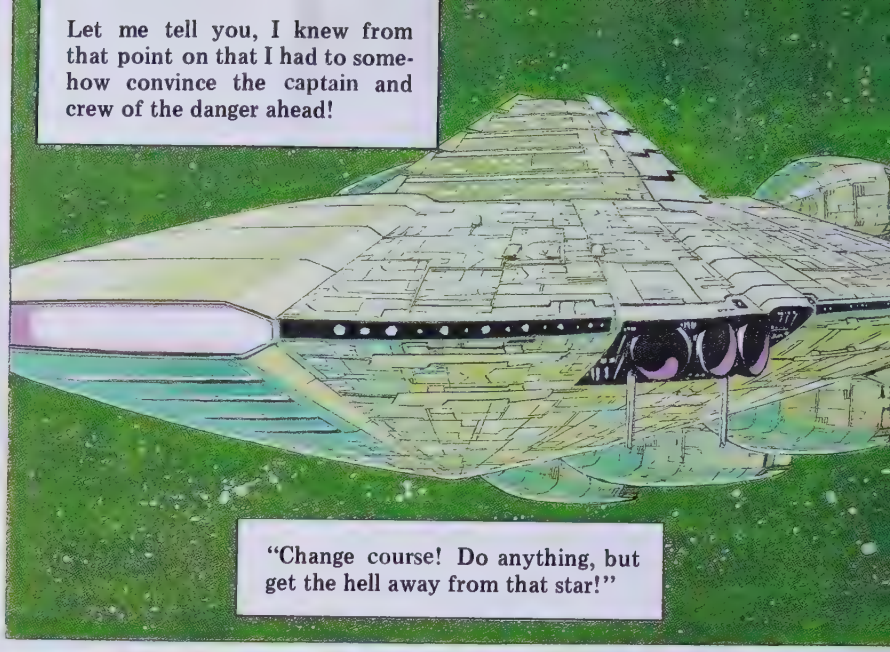

That's nothing more than a hypothesis that shouldn't be taken too seriously, madam.
In any event, what I was saying boils down to this. Your typical white dwarf star is of a density so high that if could conceivably be a kind of diamond.
The red dwarf star before us, however, appears to be composed of a matter not quite as hard.
Furthermore, the red color suggests perhaps a crystallization of ruby!



Though I'm not exactly an Einstein when it comes to scientific things, I have a veritable sixth sense for danger.

...Which is exactly what's kept me alive this long.

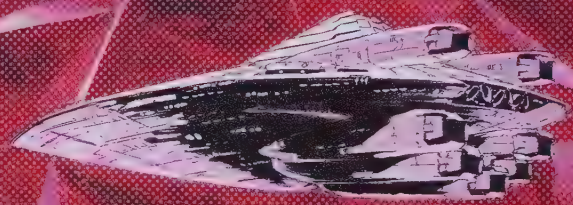
Let me tell you, I knew from that point on that I had to somehow convince the captain and crew of the danger ahead!



"Change course! Do anything, but get the hell away from that star!"

Supernovas...light, red drarf stars...ruby, lasers...

But nobody gave a damn about what a con man had to say...



The spacecraft was positioned right smack in front of the red dwarf star in order to shield it completely from the colossal energy and light of the anticipated Supernova.

...And then time ran out.....

In the vastness beyond the red dwarf star, the Supernova signaled the magnificent end to the life of a star.

Couldn't those on board have had any way of knowing what would happen when light molecules of maximum intensity shot through that ruby?
...Luck was still on side.
Emitting a red glow, a terrifying, monstrous laser beam shot out endlessly through the vacuum of space.
And off we went: me a the woman who had fa in what I said...
BBWHAMM!!
Well, maybe not that mu faith.....
Congratulations! You have the privileg of being the first passenger on board th rescue ship.....

N. Olai

Noriyoshi Olai

Cover illustration for Japanese magazine "Mu" (Gakken Co., Ltd.), 1980

A

B

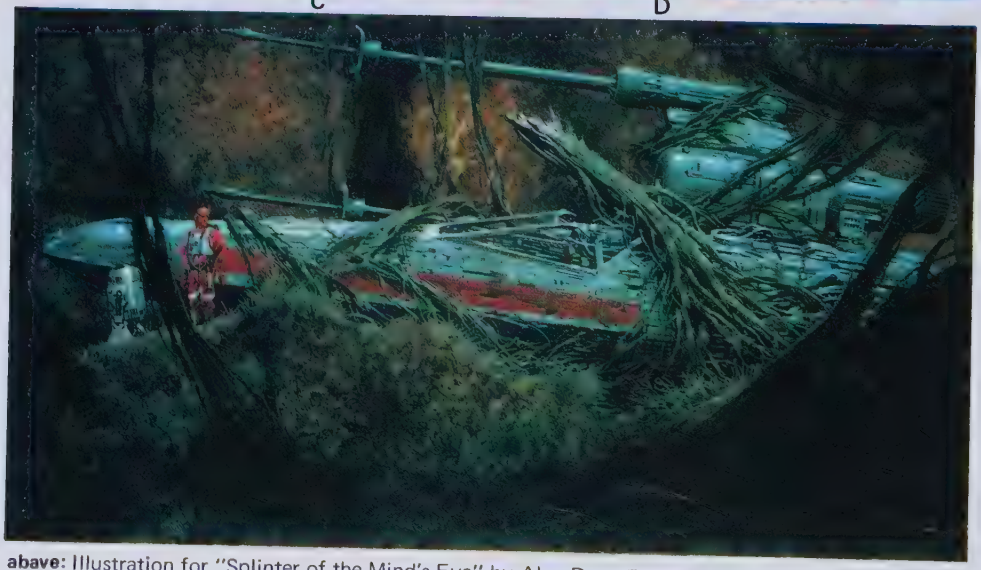
C

D

E

A~E: "Star Wars—The Empire Strikes Back". Rough sketch, 1980

right: "Star Wars—The Empire Strikes Back". Poster, 1980



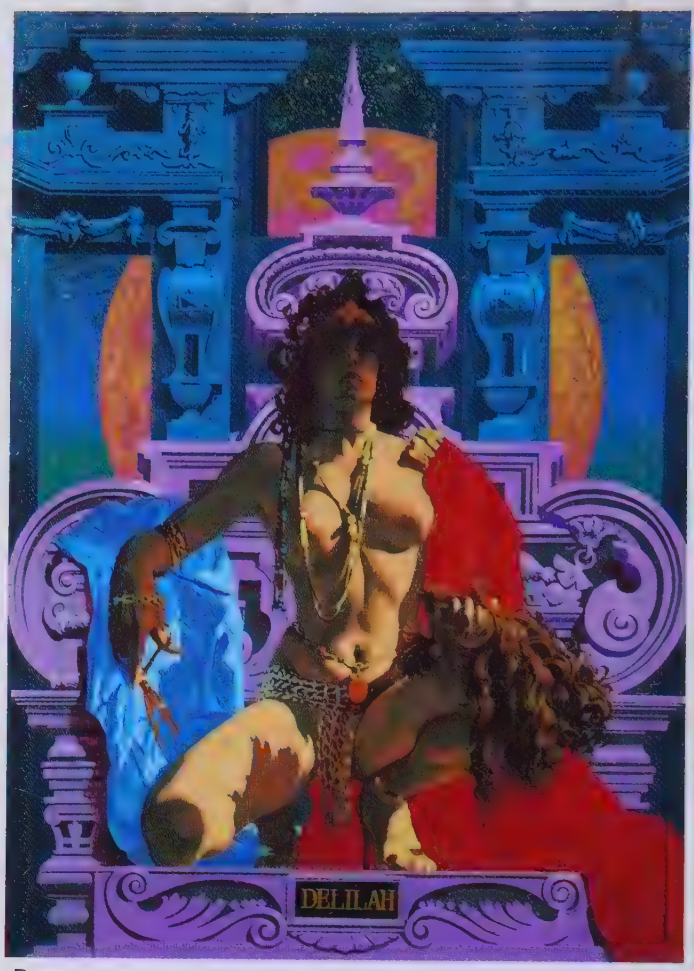
abave: Illustration for "Splinter of the Mind's Eye" by Alan Dean Foster. (Japanese edition: Sanrio Co., Ltd.), 1978

N. Olai

Noriyoshi Olai was born in Hyogo-ken, Japan, in 1935. After studying art for three years at the Tokyo National University of Fine Arts and Music, he became a freelance artist. Now he is one of the most distinguished illustrators in Japan. Paperback covers, hardcover books, posters, advertisements and magazines have featured his work. Recently he painted the poster for "The Empire Strikes Back" for George Lucas. Presented here are a few works of his artistic talent. We hope you enjoy them as much as it was to publish them.

Dark Troopers, 1978

A



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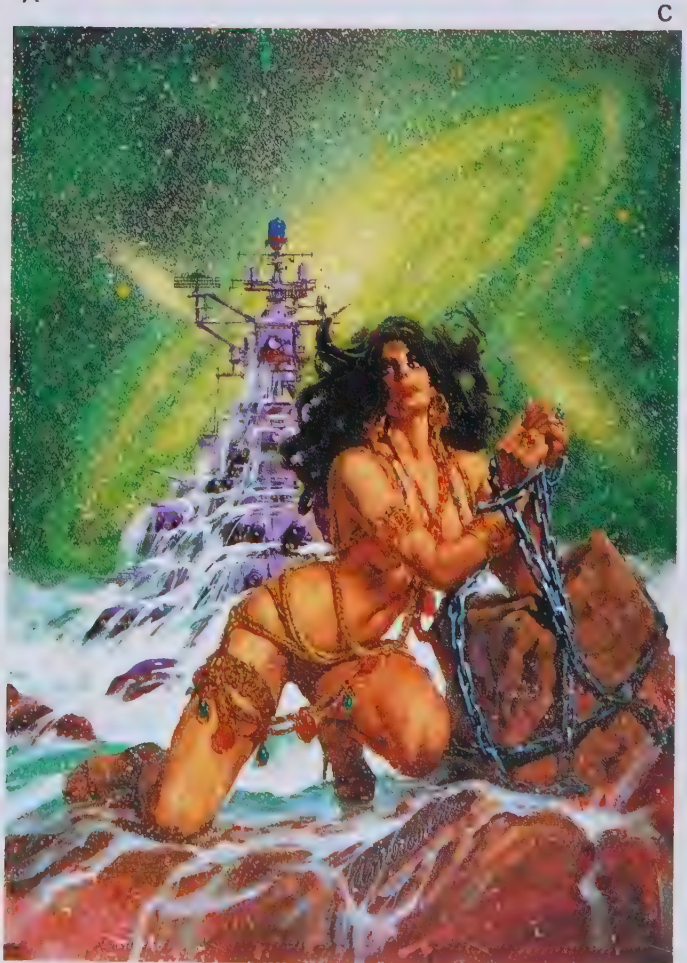


A~C: Cover illustration for Japanese science fiction magazine "SF Adventure" (Tokuma Shoten Publishing Co., Ltd.), 1980
D: Cover illustration for Japanese magazine "Mu" (Gakken Co., Ltd.), 1979

Cover illustration for Japanese science fiction magazine "SF Adventure" (Tokuma Shoten Publishing Co., Ltd.), 1980

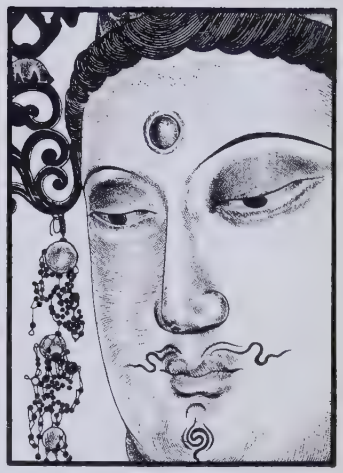
story and art by Katsuhiro Ootomo

THE WATERMELON MESSIAH

END

flow without regard to man, his ongoing struggles, his utter loneliness.

Despite lifelong appeals to the gods, man most often receives...



At rare moments, though, the veil of nature lifts and life may hand to the deserving one a taste of compassion, understanding...even love.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

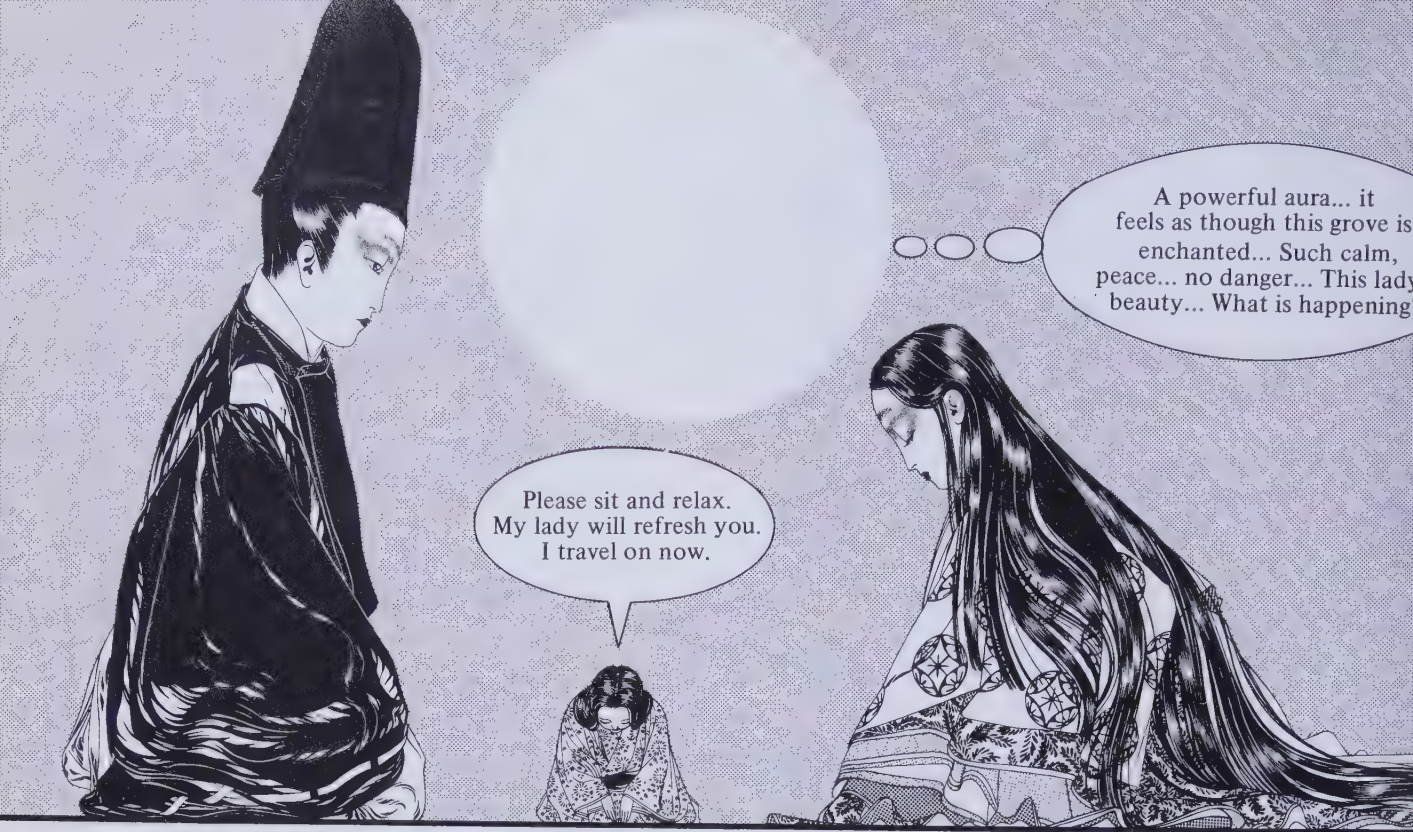
story by Lee Marrs concept and art by Keizo Miyanishi

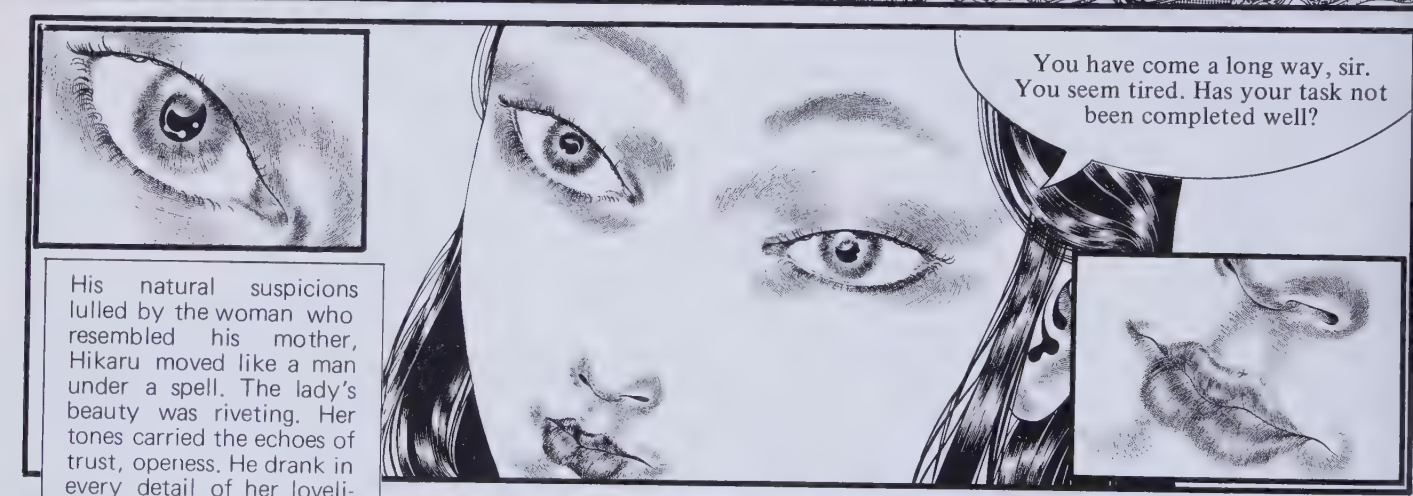
This lone rider's thoughts drift back to his mother, the one source of warmth and affection in his life. Hikaru Genji wonders once again how different his life might have been had she lived... His father already gone, the young boy had grown up on his own.
Hikaru's solitary days stretched into manhood without interruption. No gentle hand, no burst of genuine feeling, no close friend marred the surface of his cool demeanor. But Hikaru did not develop into a callous brute by this bleak existence. Rather, he grew into a distant — sometimes cold — philospher of life.
On this day Hikaru — firm warrior, balanced thinker — remembered his mother's smile... The strong seeds of her warmth living stillborn in his soul.

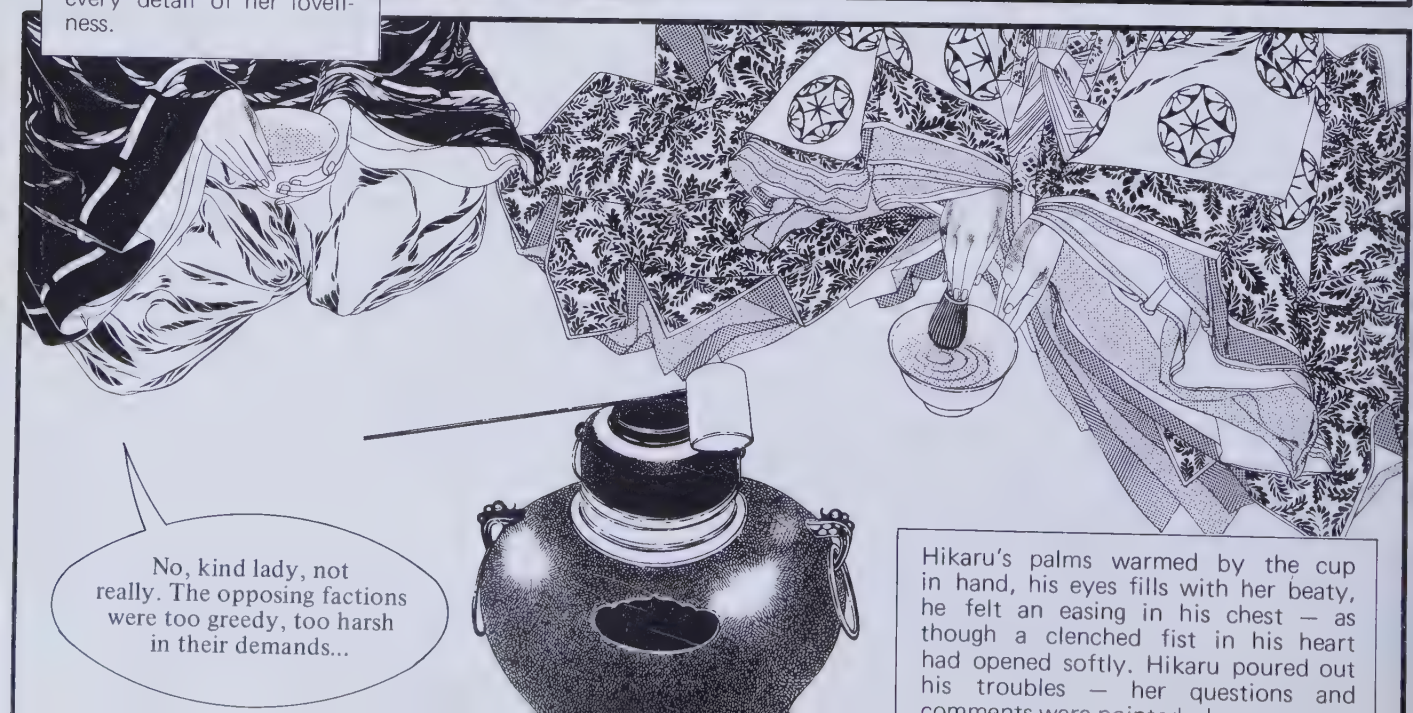
Hikaru drifts homeward from a long conflict of disputed territory. His duties fulfilled without a sense of triumph, he only feels a responsibility well discharged.
A capable man, but totally alone. Unable to reach out, to touch another... Even in friendship, nevertheless, this cool distance has honed his perceptions — the beauty in everyday life moves him. At times of peace like today, his very soul fills with the colors of autumn, the sway of grasses... a lone flower.
He travels slowly with no eagerness. Hikaru feels no powerful attraction to reach home. Nothing, no one, waits there. A dry ringing fills his head.
Ah, Yugao, how solitary you seem.

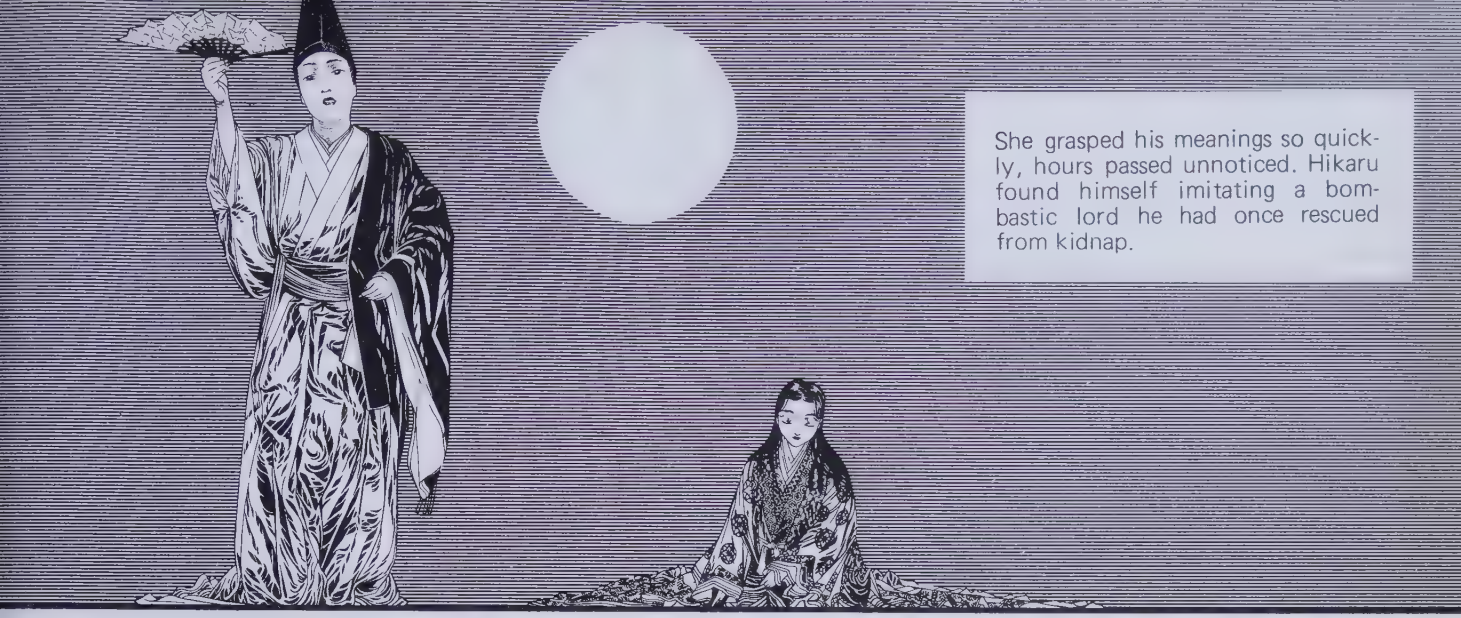
Ah, little one. Would you ride with me?
No. I should let you live your full span.
Who?!!
She came so silently...
How did she...
Oh! Mama!
Good evening, horseman.
My mother! She so resembles my mother...
Forgive me for staring, stroller. You remind me of a loved one from... long ago. What brings you into this wilderness so late in the day?

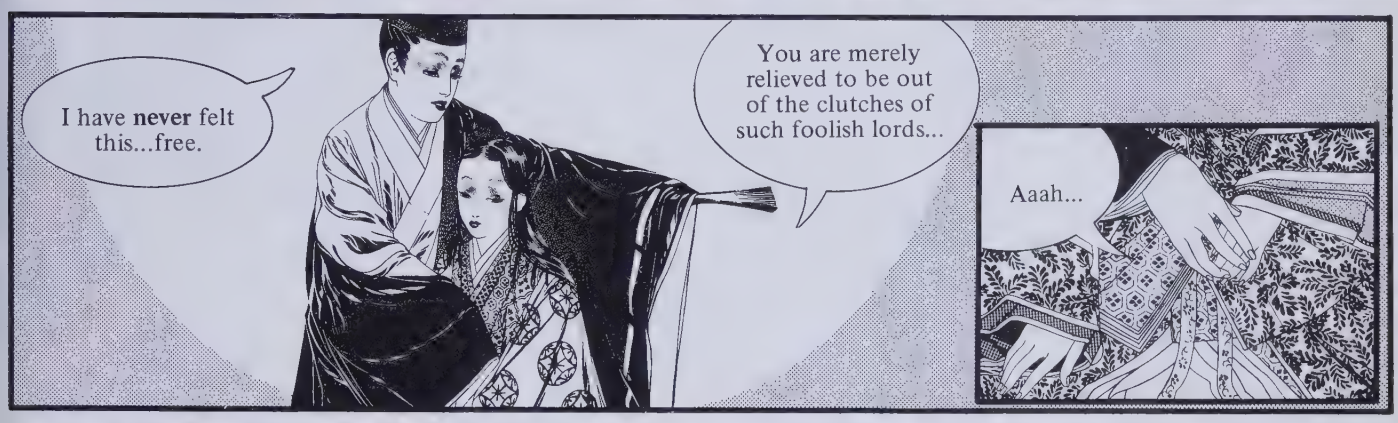
Yes. Its brightness spoke to me as I rode by. However, I did not see you on the road, wanderer.
I wander these hills...occasionally. I see you admire the Yugao.
When one moves softly, it is easy to blend with the countryside, to feel at one with the evening.
Perhaps you should carry a token of the autumn with you. This flower...
Aiiiee!!
Greetings, sir.
Please do not be alarmed, sir. This is my lady. As a service to some travellers, we provide a welcome respite — a calm moment in a long journey.


A powerful aura... it feels as though this grove is enchanted... Such calm, peace... no danger... This lady beauty... What is happening
Please sit and relax. My lady will refresh you. I travel on now.

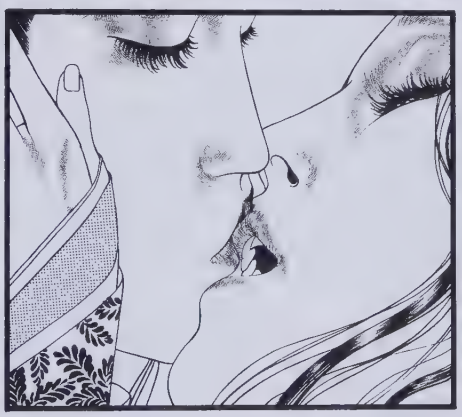

You have come a long way, sir. You seem tired. Has your task not been completed well?
His natural suspicions lulled by the woman who resembled his mother, Hikaru moved like a man under a spell. The lady's beauty was riveting. Her tones carried the echoes of trust, openess. He drank in every detail of her loveliness.


No, kind lady, not really. The opposing factions were too greedy, too harsh in their demands...
Hikaru's palms warmed by the cup in hand, his eyes fills with her beaty, he felt an easing in his chest — as though a clenched fist in his heart had opened softly. Hikaru poured out his troubles — her questions and


She grasped his meanings so quickly, hours passed unnoticed. Hikaru found himself imitating a bombastic lord he had once rescued from kidnap.


I have **never** felt this...free.
You are merely relieved to be out of the clutches of such foolish lords...
Aaah...

Hikaru...



Yes...

Yes, Hikaru, come to me... Come into my warmth...

The lady's strong need awoke a fierce giving in Hikaru. He came to her with a melting inside as though the cold years of distance had dissolved beneath her hands. Long murmurs of softness and passionate arabesques filled the hours.

As the night deepened, she shared with him fears she had as a child and he exulted at comforting her, agreeing with her perspective on past pain. He held her to his chest and finally slept.

But with the dawn...

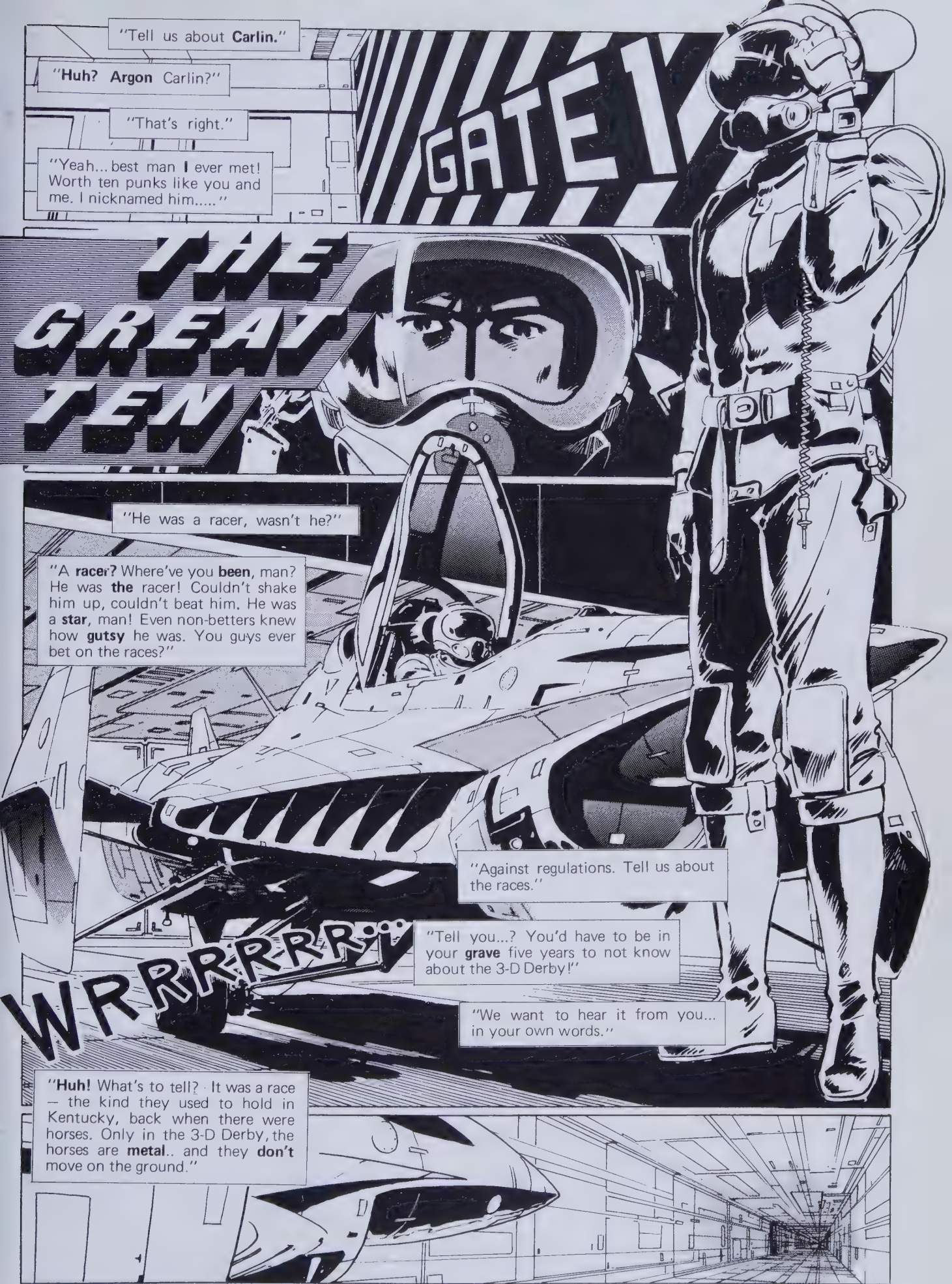
What? Yugao! Where...??!!

Aaahh...

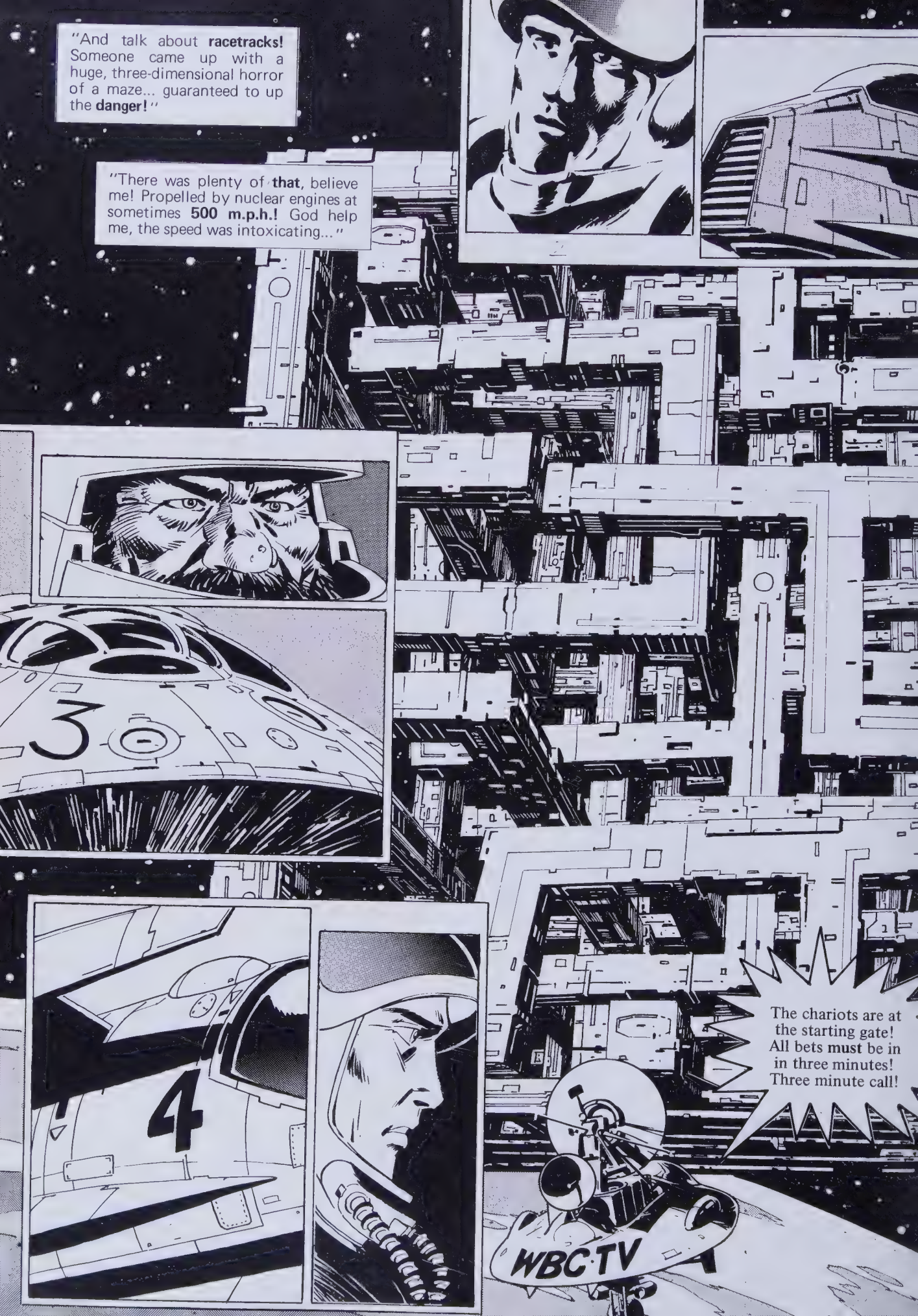
Hikaru knew not to search the grove for her. The enchanted aura, the mysterious woman, the joy of the night... He knew his lady had transformed once again.

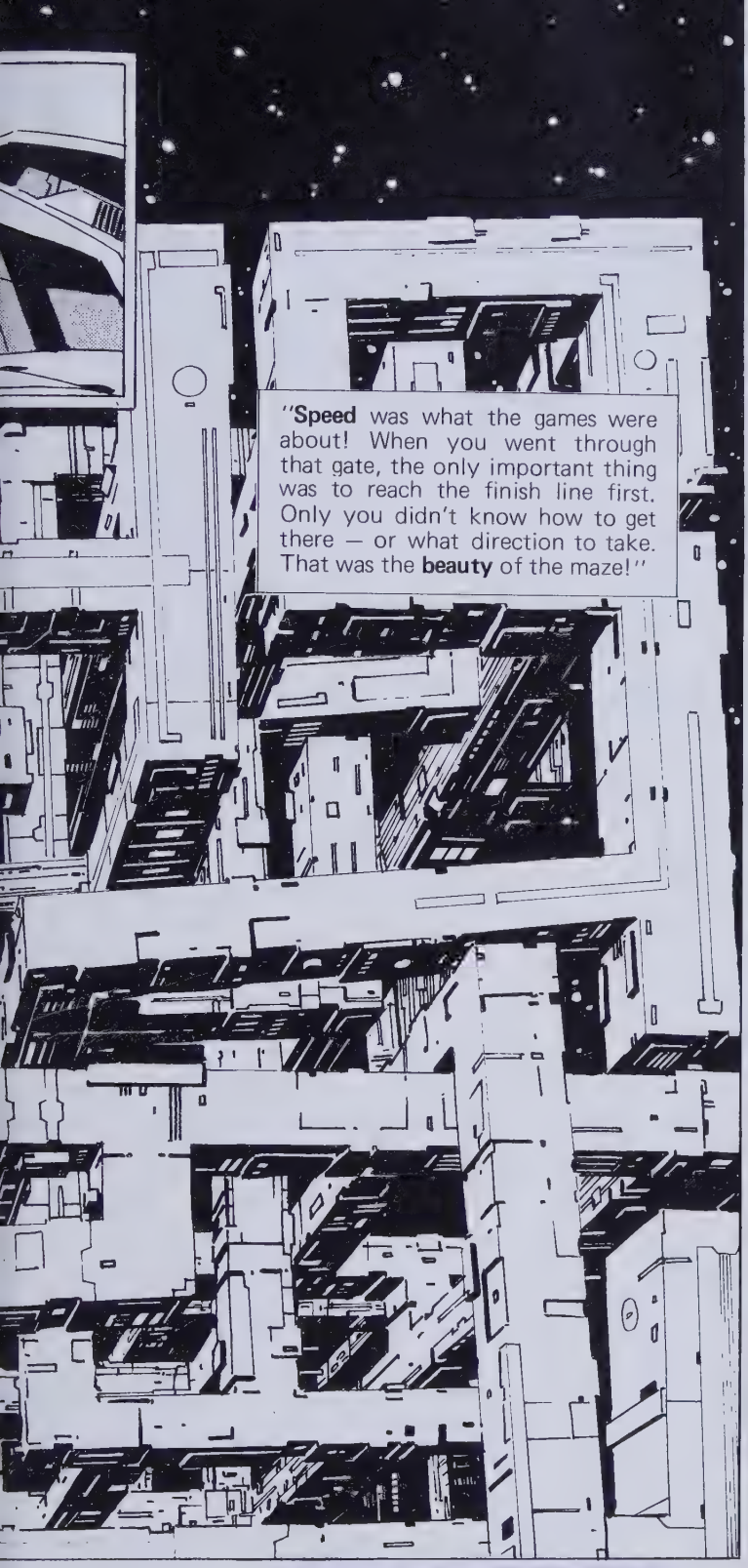
Saddened at first that his dream was a spirit only, Hikaru came to the truth: this vision had unlocked his heart, opened the door of his soul to the wonder of sharing. In the years to come, the rivulets of feeling released by the night in the grove grew into a stream of warmth.

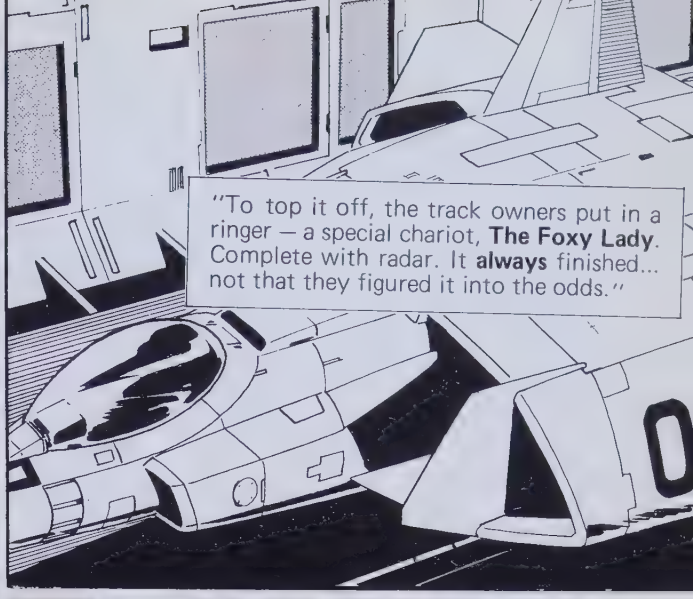
This new openess drew him first to his neighbor's friendship, then a neighbor's daughter, and with her a lifetime of caring. She smiled each year as Hikaru tended the Yugao flowers round their gate.

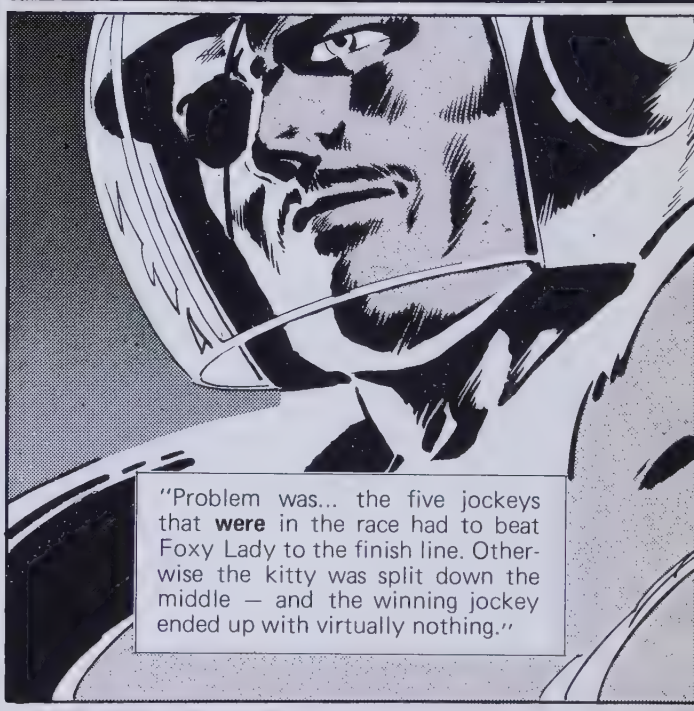

"Tell us about **Carlin.**"
"**Huh? Argon** Carlin?"
"That's right."
"Yeah... best man I ever met! Worth ten punks like you and me. I nicknamed him....."
GATE 1
THE GREAT TEN
"He was a racer, wasn't he?"
"A **racer?** Where've you **been**, man? He was **the** racer! Couldn't shake him up, couldn't beat him. He was a **star**, man! Even non-betters knew how **gutsy** he was. You guys ever bet on the races?"
"Against regulations. Tell us about the races."
"Tell you...? You'd have to be in your **grave** five years to not know about the 3-D Derby!"
WRRRRRRR
"We want to hear it from you... in your own words."
"**Huh!** What's to tell? It was a race – the kind they used to hold in Kentucky, back when there were horses. Only in the 3-D Derby, the horses are **metal**.. and they **don't** move on the ground."

story and art by Noboru Miyama adapted by Steven Grant

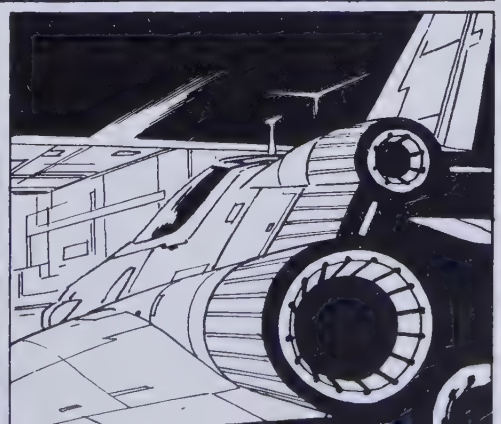

"And talk about **racetracks!** Someone came up with a huge, three-dimensional horror of a maze... guaranteed to up the **danger!**"
"There was plenty of **that**, believe me! Propelled by nuclear engines at sometimes **500 m.p.h.!** God help me, the speed was intoxicating..."
3
4
The chariots are at the starting gate! All bets **must** be in in three minutes! Three minute call!
WBC-TV


"**Speed** was what the games were about! When you went through that gate, the only important thing was to reach the finish line first. Only you didn't know how to get there — or what direction to take. That was the **beauty** of the maze!"


"To top it off, the track owners put in a ringer — a special chariot, **The Foxy Lady**. Complete with radar. It **always** finished... not that they figured it into the odds."

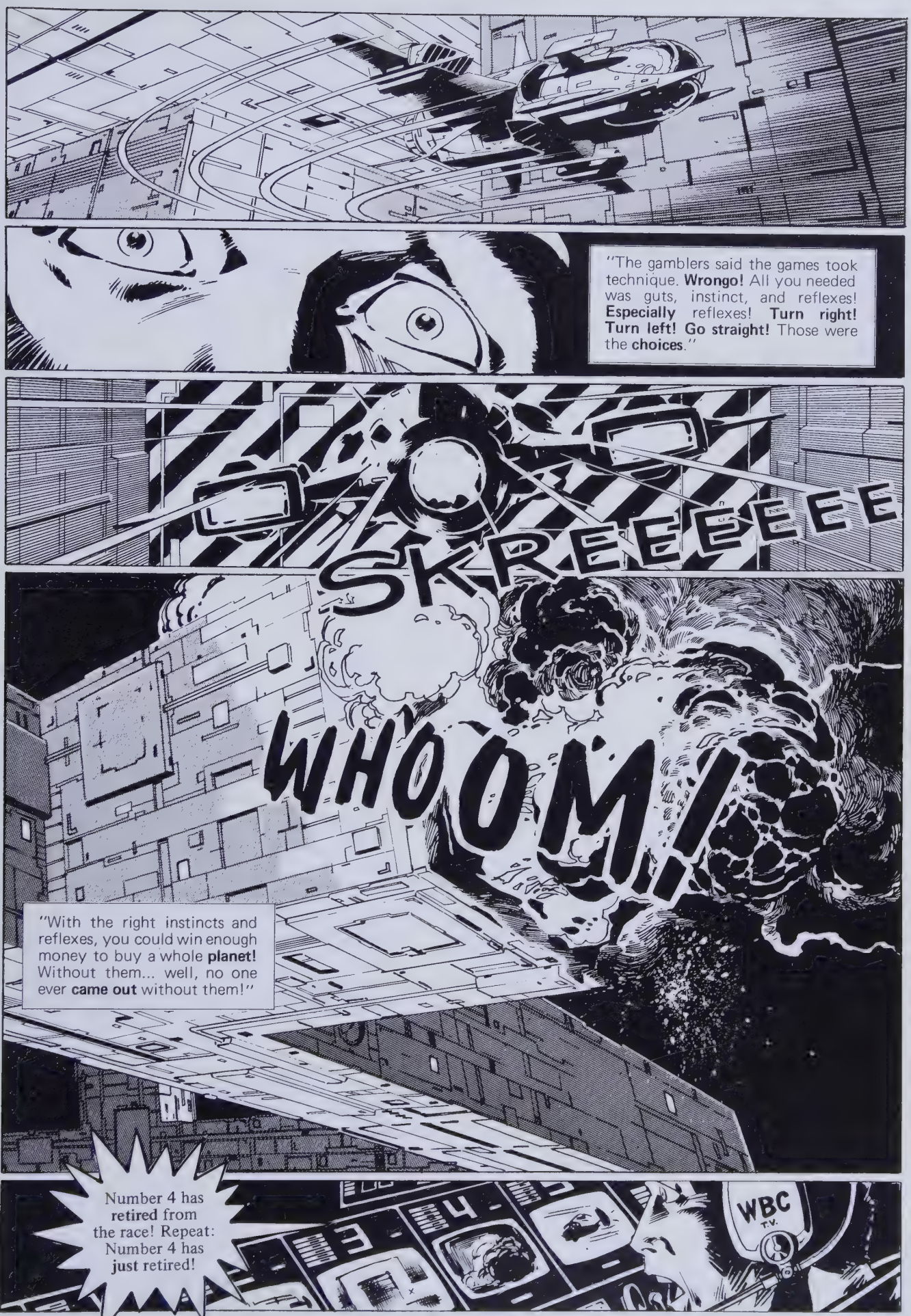

"Problem was... the five jockeys that **were** in the race had to beat Foxy Lady to the finish line. Otherwise the kitty was split down the middle — and the winning jockey ended up with virtually nothing."

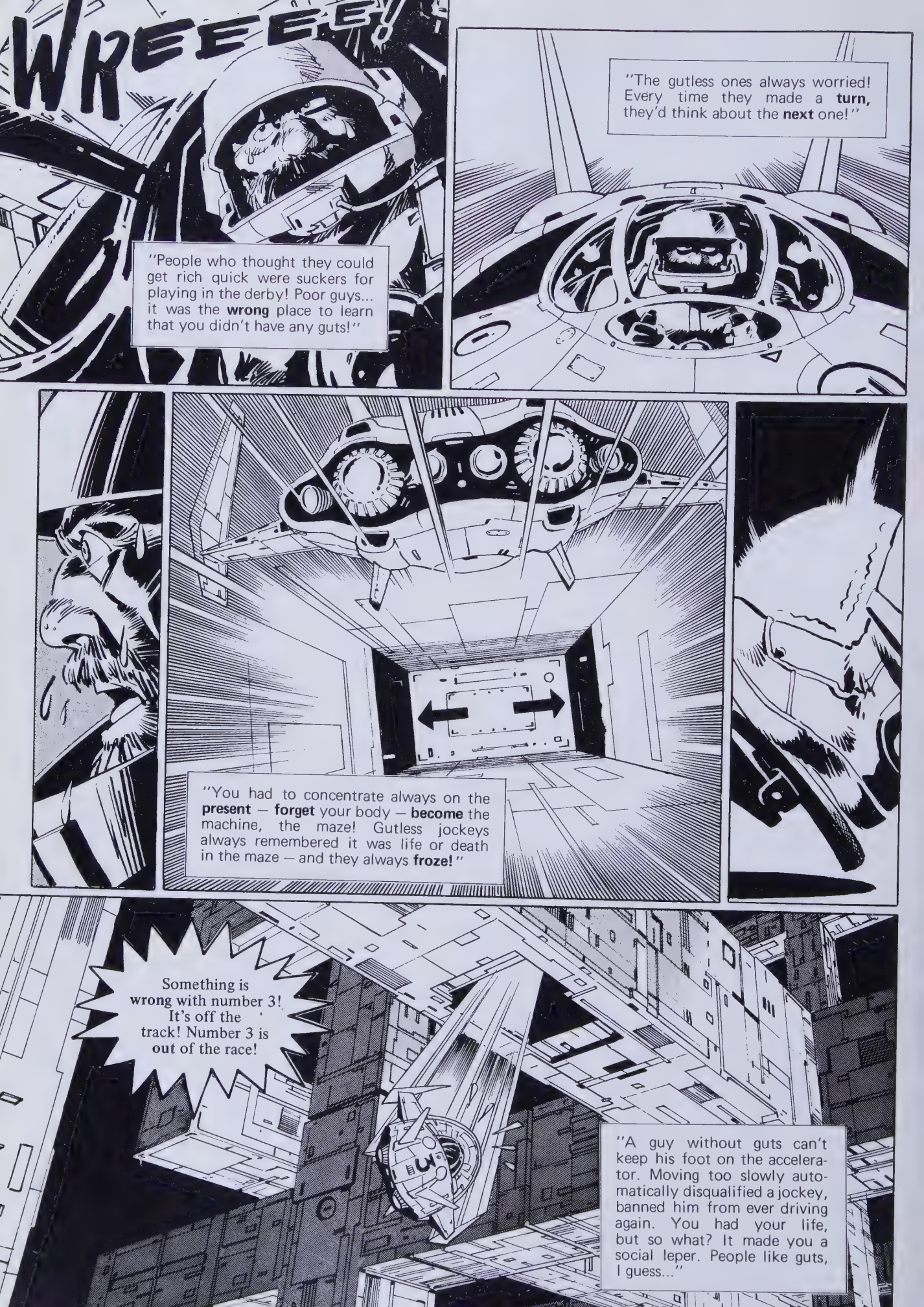
5

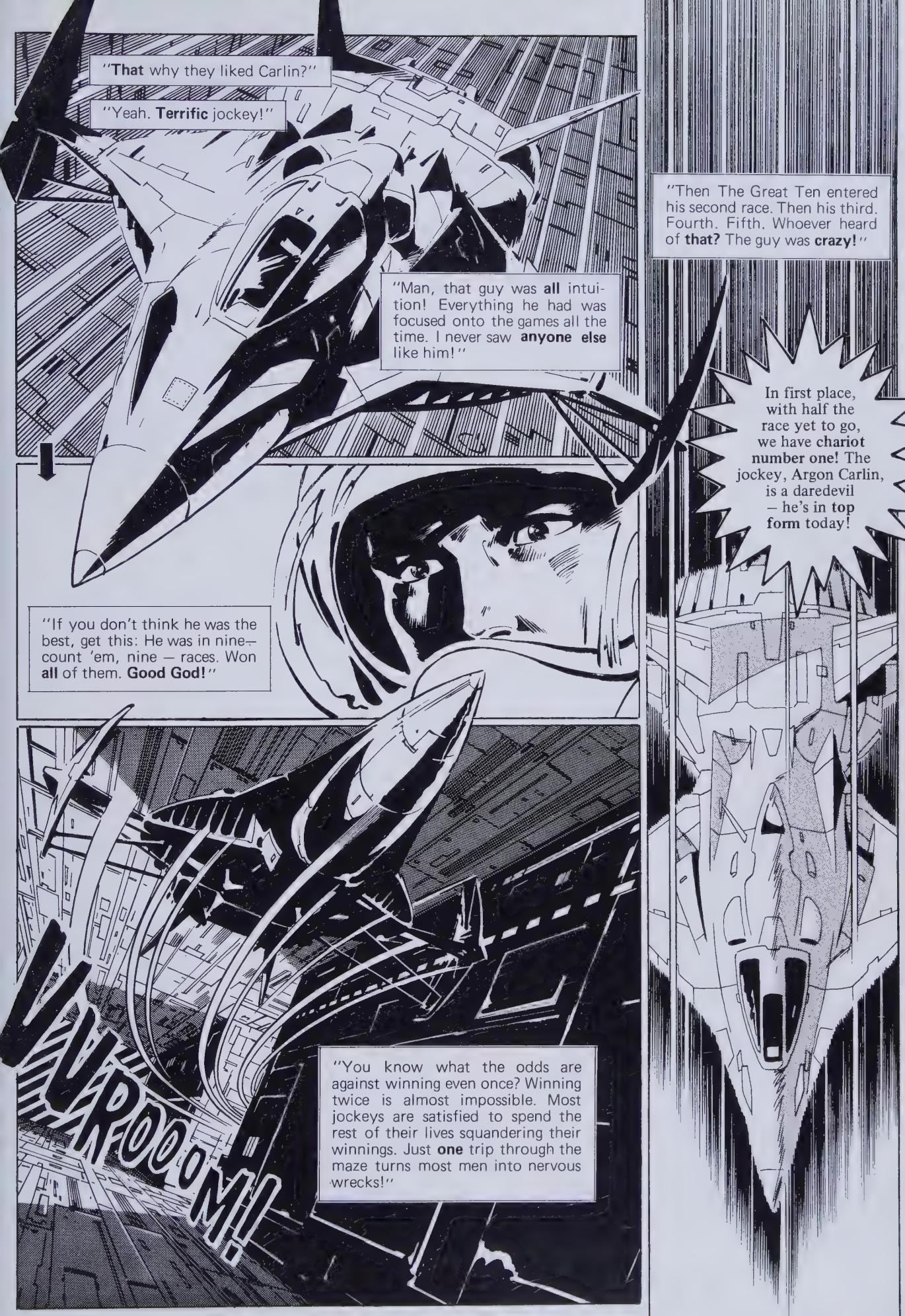


3
2
1

WBC TV
"Y'see, you had to beat the Lady to the line, or it wasn't worth racing. Forced the jockeys to top speed right away – to make things interesting, they said. Nothing to do with the prize money, they said. **Su-u-re!**"
These may be the last real m – THERE'S THE GUN! THE GATE IS DOWN! THEY'RE OFF!
3
"That's why the derby was slanged the **Free-For-All.** Good name for it."
GO! GO! GO!
GO! GO! GO!
Move it, ya lousy son of –
C'mon, baby! Papa needs new shoes!
"Y'know what **really** made things interesting? The chariots couldn't be slowed down. They'd only go faster, until crossing the finish line shut down the motor relays. And no backing up. At 500 mph, **dead ends** really lived up to their name!"
4


"The gamblers said the games took technique. **Wrongo!** All you needed was guts, instinct, and reflexes! **Especially** reflexes! **Turn right! Turn left! Go straight!** Those were the **choices**."
SKREEEEEEE
WHOOM!
"With the right instincts and reflexes, you could win enough money to buy a whole **planet!** Without them... well, no one ever **came out** without them!"
Number 4 has **retired** from the race! Repeat: Number 4 has **just** retired!
WBC T.V.


WREEEE!
"People who thought they could get rich quick were suckers for playing in the derby! Poor guys... it was the **wrong** place to learn that you didn't have any guts!"
"The gutless ones always worried! Every time they made a **turn,** they'd think about the **next** one!"
"You had to concentrate always on the **present** — **forget** your body — **become** the machine, the maze! Gutless jockeys always remembered it was life or death in the maze — and they always **froze!**"
Something is **wrong** with number 3! It's off the track! Number 3 is **out** of the race!
"A guy without guts can't keep his foot on the accelerator. Moving too slowly automatically disqualified a jockey, banned him from ever driving again. You had your life, but so what? It made you a social leper. People like guts, I guess..."


"That why they liked Carlin?"
"Yeah. Terrific jockey!"
"Man, that guy was all intuition! Everything he had was focused onto the games all the time. I never saw anyone else like him!"
"If you don't think he was the best, get this: He was in nine— count 'em, nine — races. Won all of them. Good God!"
"You know what the odds are against winning even once? Winning twice is almost impossible. Most jockeys are satisfied to spend the rest of their lives squandering their winnings. Just one trip through the maze turns most men into nervous wrecks!"
VROOM!!
"Then The Great Ten entered his second race. Then his third. Fourth. Fifth. Whoever heard of that? The guy was crazy!"
In first place, with half the race yet to go, we have chariot number one! The jockey, Argon Carlin, is a daredevil — he's in top form today!

"I asked him once what made him think he could win again and again. He said it was like riding a bicycle — once you learn how, you don't forget."
"Damned if he didn't win nine times running. Knew what he was doing, I'll give him that."
Can you **hear** me, Carlin? Aren't you rich enough yet? You trying to buy a bloody **galaxy** or something? Give us a **break**!
No dice, sorry.
"Soon the odds changed — after eight races, they were **with** the Great Ten instead of against him. The gamblers couldn't get a decent **bet** going. Fans were losing interest. Some people were saying the games were rigged in The Great Ten's favor."
WHOMP!

"It worked against him after a while, though. The Great Ten was first choice in every race."

"You've got to remember... the derby was once a big time operation. The games were chickenfeed compared to the gambling. It wasn't enough that he was **winning**... The Great Ten was costing a lot of people a lot of **money!**"

"The guy was a **star**, yeah. A **superstar!** The best driver in the best era of the derby! But winning wasn't a **challenge** for him. It was **inevitable!**"

"And when he won his **ninth** race... that was when the trouble **really** started!"

Blast your eyes, Carlin! **Answer** me! This is **Foxy Lady!**

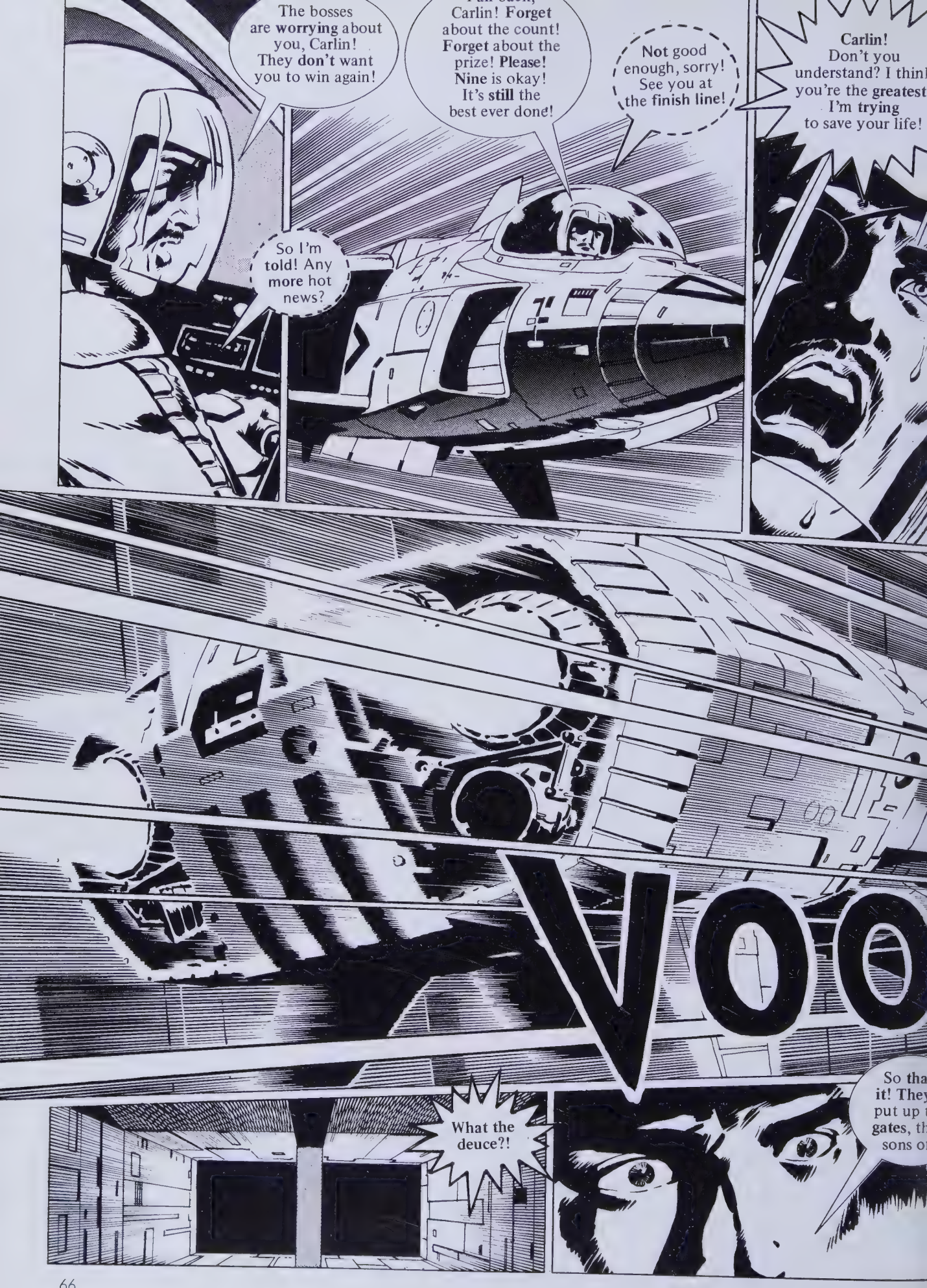
No kidding. What do **you** want?

This is your **tenth** race, you know. If you win, you become the **first** ten in history. **The Great Ten!**

Carlin! **Listen!** Don't **try** to win this one! It's...

I'll get used to it...

This is your **only** warning, Foxy Lady! Get **out** of my way!


The bosses are **worrying** about you, Carlin! They **don't** want you to win again!
So I'm **told**! Any **more** hot news?
Carlin! **Forget** about the count! **Forget** about the prize! **Please**! **Nine** is okay! It's **still** the best ever done!
Not good enough, sorry! See you at the **finish line**!
Carlin! Don't you understand? I think you're the **greatest**. I'm **trying** to save your life!
VOO
What the deuce?!
So tha
it! They
put up
gates, th
sons o

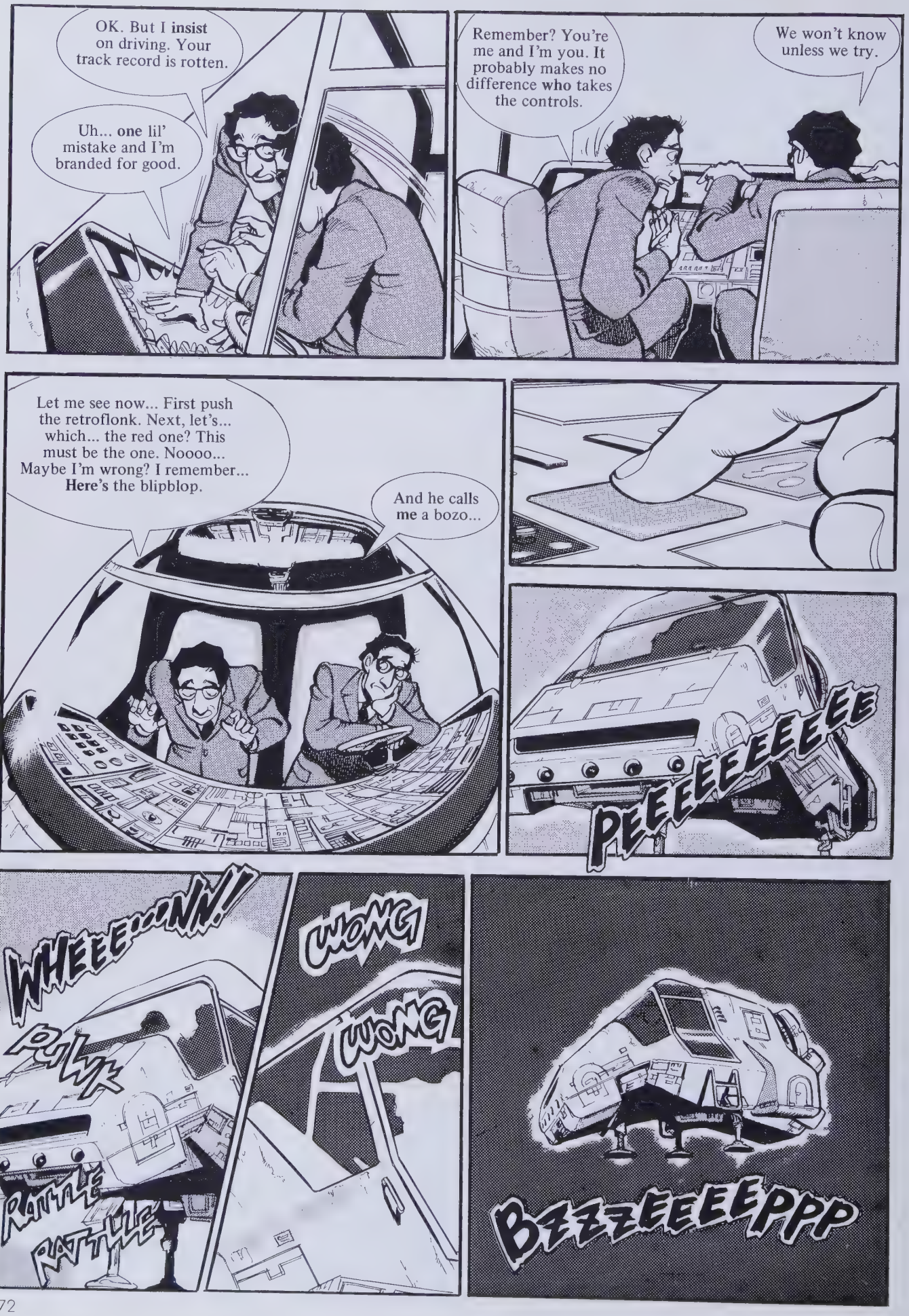
Whoever you are, shut up! The bosses'll hang you up by your toes if they hear you talking like that! Better stop this conversation right now!
You bloody fool! Doesn't your life mean anything to you? Listen to me!
Open your arms, baby! I'm coming home!
GOAL
O-REEEEE!
I'm still going to win! I'm still going to win!
KAA-CHUNG

"I tried to tell him. He would trip an electric eye at **whichever gate** he approached — and the gate would automatically **close!** There was **no way** he could make it!"
WHAA-AMMM!
"That was it. But he **won**, y'know? He **was** The Great Ten! God, if they hadn't **killed** him, he'd have won twenty by now!"
I wanted **someone** to know. We lost a **great** man... a **very** great man. And I could have **saved** him... if I had had the **guts**...
Calm down now, **Foxy Lady!** Everyone will know the story soon enough. I'm sorry that we'll have to reveal your part in this whole mess, too.
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you...
Time to **go**, Foxy! We'll take care of your bar tab.
END

SCHIZOPHRENIA
story and art by Youji Fukuyama adapted by Lee Marrs
Alright, time machine! No matter what lies in the past, it's got to be better than the present! I can't stand it anymore: no friends, no love ... no one to watch TV reruns with! The past must be better.
Who the hell are you?!
Uh... I was about to ask you the same thing...

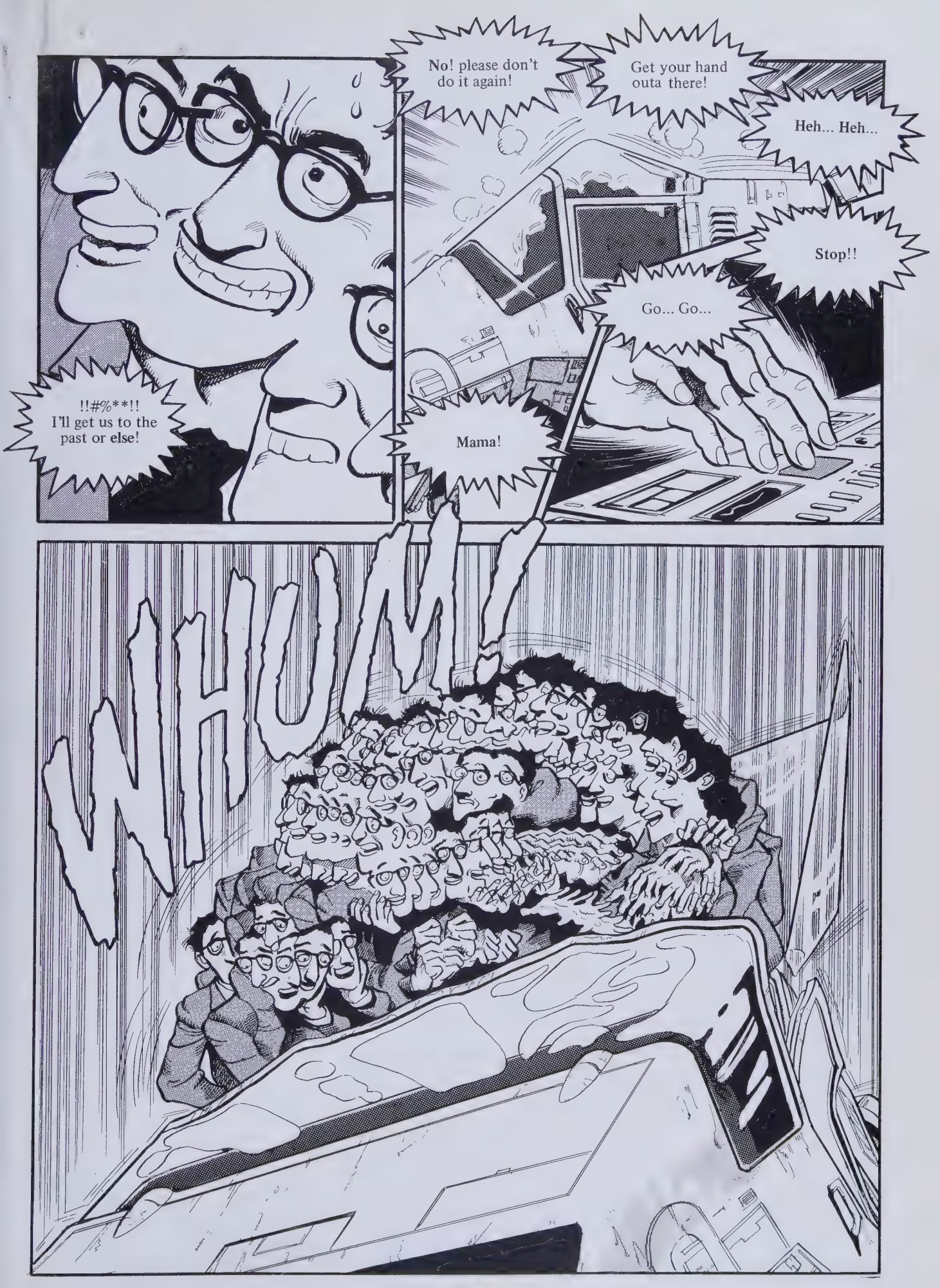
Uh... something's wrong. I must have pushed the wrong spricket.
I thought I'd be 100 years in the past, but this looks like 10 minutes ago. You must be me, 10 minutes ago!!
No, I'm me now.
I was planning to travel into the past...
Ha! You dopo! You must have made a nickozed blat computation error, resulting in this duplication.
Hmmn. I guess you're right. Gee, sorry. I've only just gotten my license.
Of course. I've only just gotten my license.
Look, let me into the machine. I can straighten this out. We can't have two of us running around.
Hey, no way! I'm not letting someone else program my...

Whaddaya mean, **someone** else?! **I'm you!!**
OK,O K. So if I'm you and you're me, **I'll** do it.
No! **Me!**
No, **Me!**
Me!
Oh, brother...
Since we're the same person, you'd think we could agree...
You'd **think** so.
It's weird. I feel like I know you. You **are** familiar, but... **strange**...
Maybe it's just the situation: **confusing**.
I mean, you should certainly **trust yourself**, right?
Gee, I never have.
What a bozo.
We've got to cooperate, or we'll just **rot** here.
You're right. Or... I'm right when I'm you... No... Uh...
I didn't make the mistake in coming here. So, **my** incarnation of us should be the one in charge!
Oh yeah? Well, I'm the older of us, and...
Older?! **Older**?!! By 10 minutes? Some additional amount of advanced knowledge **you** got! Ha!
We can argue forever. Let's **do** it.


OK. But I insist on driving. Your track record is rotten.
Uh... one lil' mistake and I'm branded for good.
Remember? You're me and I'm you. It probably makes no difference who takes the controls.
We won't know unless we try.
Let me see now... First push the retroflonk. Next, let's... which... the red one? This must be the one. Noooo... Maybe I'm wrong? I remember... Here's the blipblop.
And he calls me a bozo...
PEEEEEEEEEE
WHEEE...NN!!
PULK
RATTLE
RATTLE
CWONG
CWONG
BZZZEEEEPPP

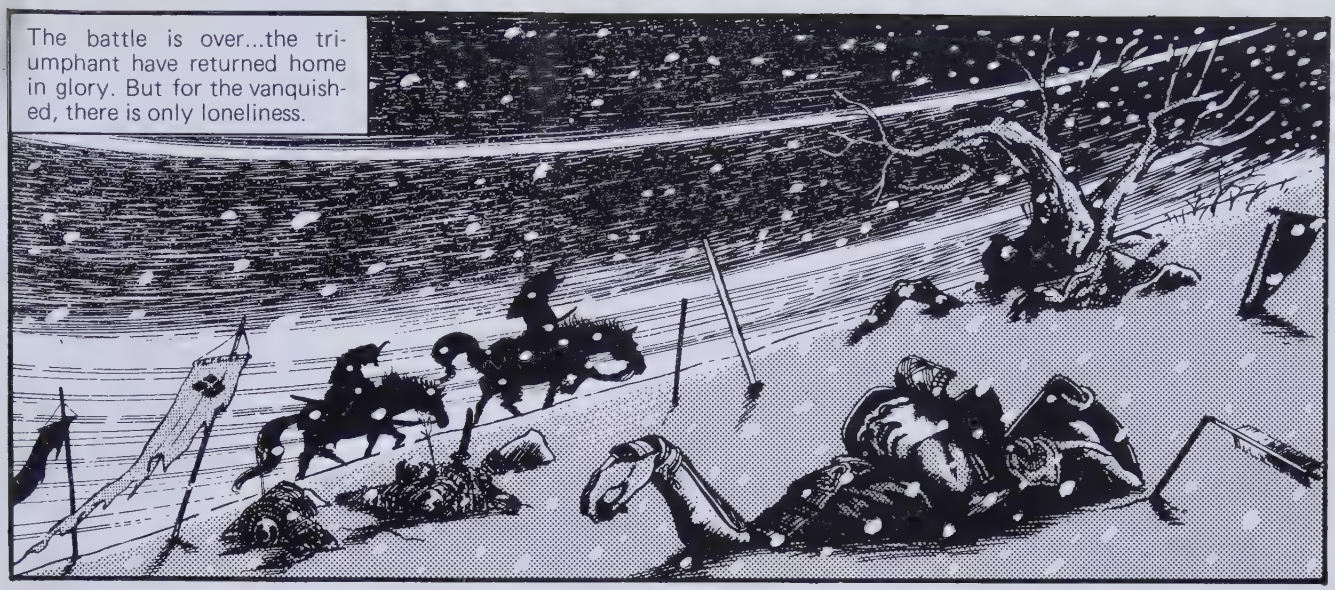
!!!#%?!**!!
Uh... ohhh..
%!!%??!!?*!
What happened?!!
Idiot! What kind of programming did you do?!!
Oh no! More company!!
We went from where we were forward to the same place again... or was it back?
Now he figures this out...
Hey, don't get pissed at me!
This whole venture is a disaster!
Well, I'm not bored any more...
All I wanted to do was travel into the past, maybe find a better, friendlier life...
Well, this one is certainly more crowded...
How can you joke at a time like this!!
What time is it?

Alright, I've set the dial in the opposite direction.
I already feel the opposite of...
Things can't get any worse! I've got to try one more time to correct this horror.
Shut up, you turkey!
Heaven help us all.
BZZZEEPP
AAAHHHH!
AAAHHH
AAAHHHHH
EEEEE
Terrible!
It's so dark here. W-where are my eyes.
Helphelphelp helphelp...
Dammit. It's gotten worse!

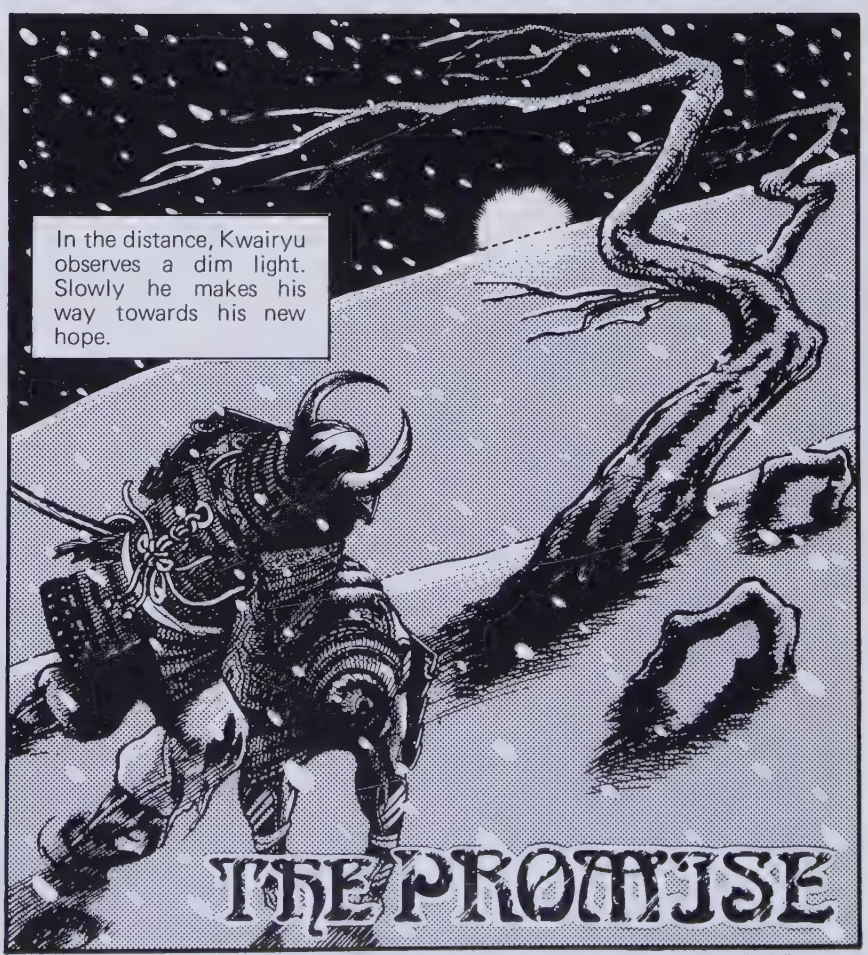

!!#%**!!
I'll get us to the past or else!
Mama!
No! please don't do it again!
Get your hand outa there!
Heh... Heh...
Stop!!
Go... Go...
WHOM!!

BOONGG!
What!
Still the jokes. Allatime the jokes!
Don't be scared.
Uh... oh...
Well, at least there aren't more of us.
Sorry to pop in like this.
Well, at least this is familiar ground.
Don't be alarmed. It's just a smorgasbord of your own self. Oh, my god! What'll we do now?!!
Sit down for a friendly evening of "I love Lucy".
Great!

END



Even with their village destroyed and their families lost, Kwairyu and Tenryu are unwilling to accept defeat. They haul their battered bodies through the snow drifts... heading for the protection of the hills.



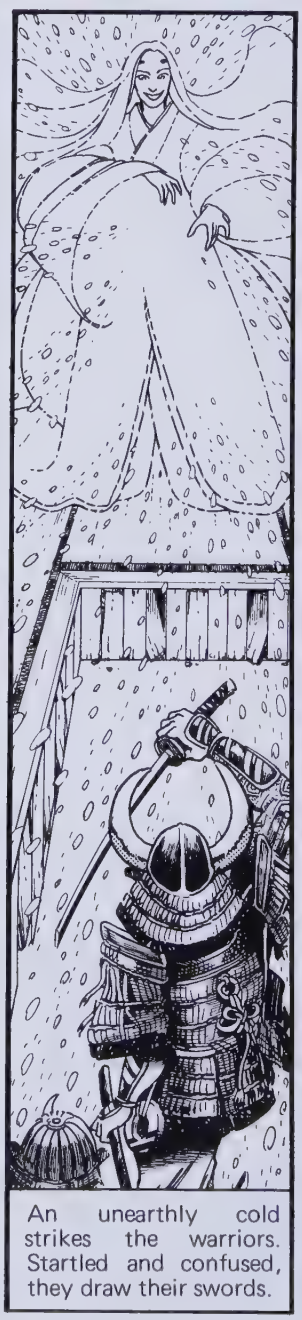
THE PROMISE

story and art by Masaichi Mukaide adapted by Carl Potts

Almost completely covered with snow, the cottage's warm and welcoming light beckons.

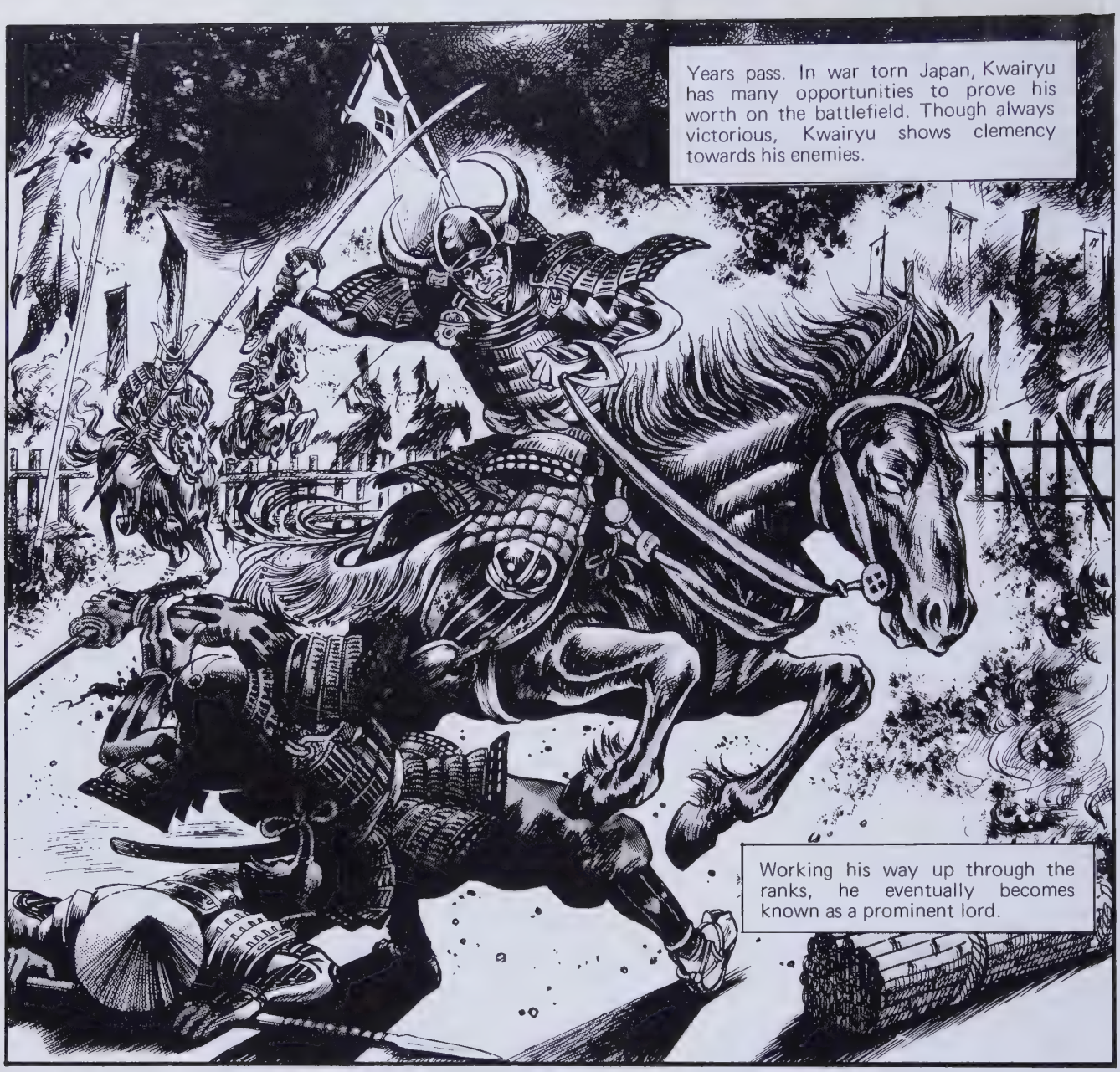
Kwairyu opens the door to find a woman...a woman of exquisite beauty.
Please lady, give us shelter for the night.

The woman's skin and kimono were both as pure and white as snow.
Intruder! No one is allowed to set foot in this house! Leave at **once**.

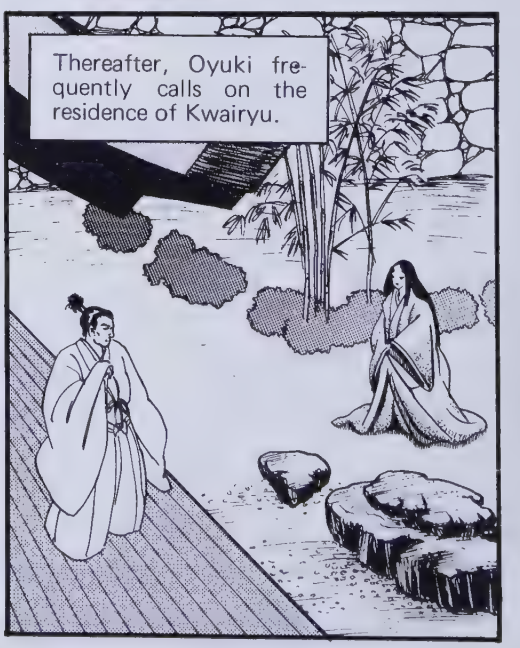

An unearthly cold strikes the warriors. Startled and confused, they draw their swords.

Kwairyu is momentarily blinded by the mysterious flash of light. He does not see Tenryu fall.

Possessed with fear, Kwairyu stands as if frozen by the cold.
Do not move or you shall be as your companion. I wish not to harm you.
I feel pity for you humans...but you... you are still a young and courageous warrior. Leave now, but forget what you have experienced tonight. Tell no one... or you shall also die.
In the next instant, Kwairyu finds himself standing alone. There is no cottage, no Tenryu, and no snowstorm.
What devilry is this? Was it just a dream?


Years pass. In war torn Japan, Kwairyu has many opportunities to prove his worth on the battlefield. Though always victorious, Kwairyu shows clemency towards his enemies.
Working his way up through the ranks, he eventually becomes known as a prominent lord.

One day Kwairyu comes upon an attractive girl named Oyuki. Seeming about eighteen, her face is fair and pure as new fallen snow.

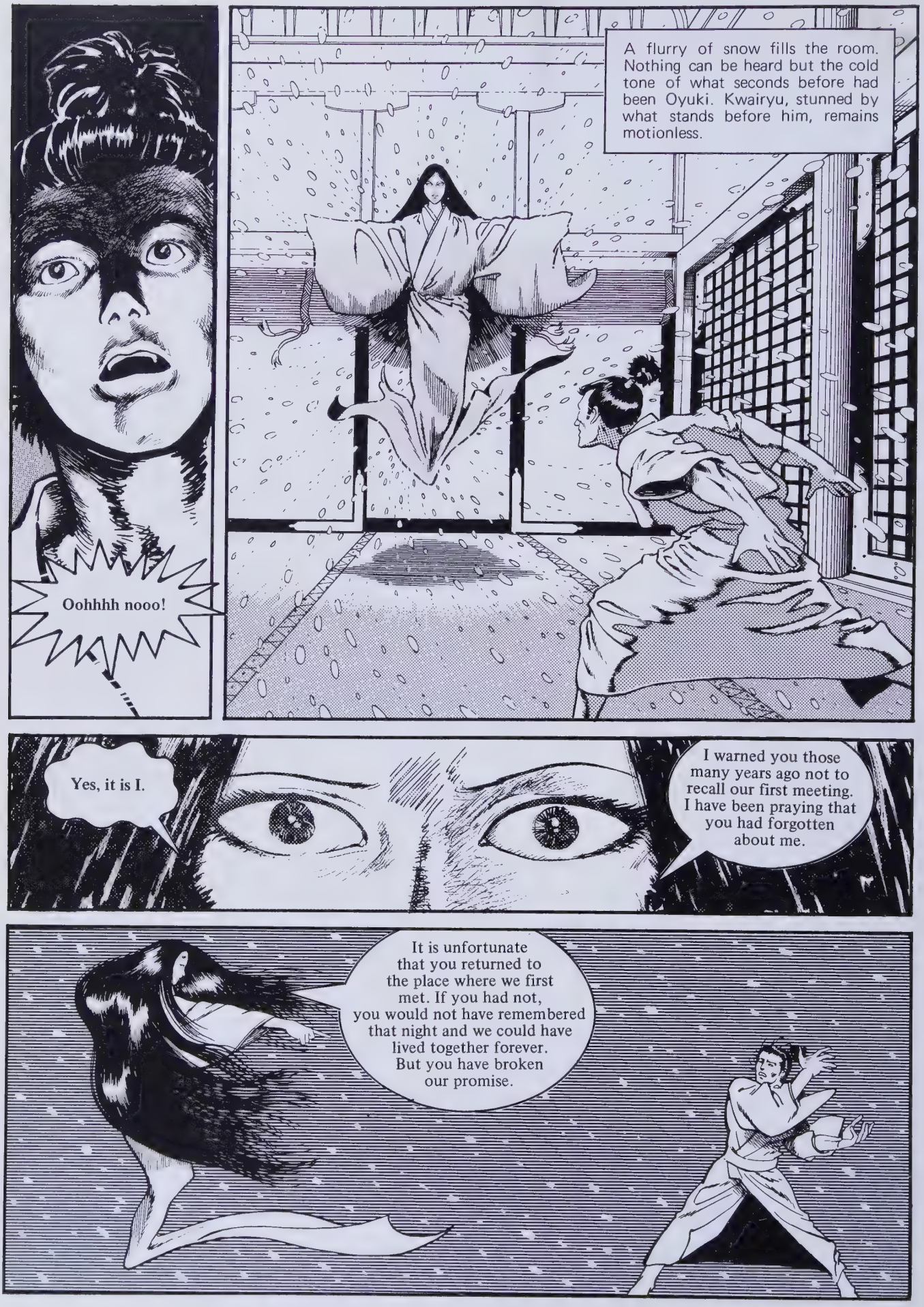

Thereafter, Oyuki frequently calls on the residence of Kwairyu.

They marry shortly thereafter. Under Kwairyu's incisive rule, the land is secure as jubilant years pass by. Completely forgotten is the incident that occurred on that cold winter night...and the woman's promise.

Then, while returning from a successful battle with a rival lord, Kwairyu notices a familiar tree in the distance. He instantly stops his men.

Curiosity fills his mind.
I will part here. Take the men back to the castle.
Alone he heads towards the wind-swept tree. He hopes to find an answer to his puzzling recollection.
Beyond the tree there is only the remains of a house...or maybe it was a cottage.
Wandering through the ruins, Kwairyu nearly overlooks something partially buried in the ground.
What is this?
Is this not Tenryu's helmet?
Then it must have been true. The cottage... the woman...all were a reality. Tenryu was killed by that woman!

That night in the castle is like any other night...Oyuki and Kwairyu were together. Oyuki still the same young and beautiful woman she had been since their first encounter.
Oyuki – today I came across a place I had been as a young soldier. What took place there happened so long ago it seemed if it were a dream.
I could not believe that she existed. She was so supernatural... maybe a spirit of the hills. But today I found that she does exist.
Snow?
What I experienced there was **real**.


Oohhhh nooo!
A flurry of snow fills the room. Nothing can be heard but the cold tone of what seconds before had been Oyuki. Kwairyu, stunned by what stands before him, remains motionless.
Yes, it is I.
I warned you those many years ago not to recall our first meeting. I have been praying that you had forgotten about me.
It is unfortunate that you returned to the place where we first met. If you had not, you would not have remembered that night and we could have lived together forever. But you have broken our promise.

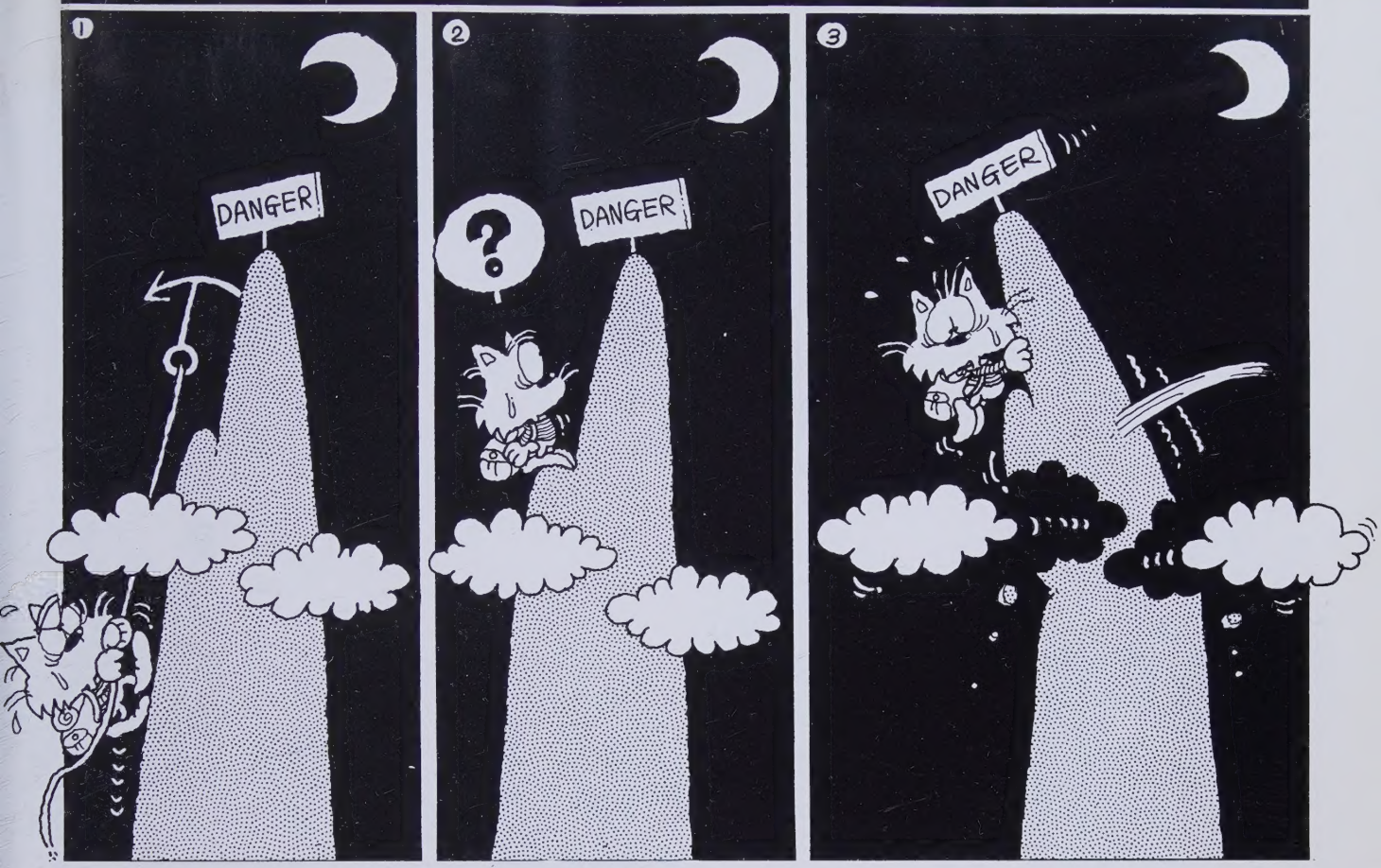
I could not kill you five years ago and now it is even harder for our unborn child. I cannot take your life, but neither can I remain in this world.
A child? No! Oyuki, wait!
Thank you for the years we spent together. Sometimes I actually forgot what I really was.
Good-bye Kwairyu... please forgive me.
OYUKI!!!
Kwairyu's cry is silenced by the crash of an explosion. Oyuki vanished forever.
F-ZASP!
Bewildered and alone, Kwairyu sits stunned among the wreckage.

In the following year, Kwairyu is defeated in battle. His army totally destroyed.

Soldier, you can go where you wish. I will never be able to raise an army again.
Lord...what will become of you?

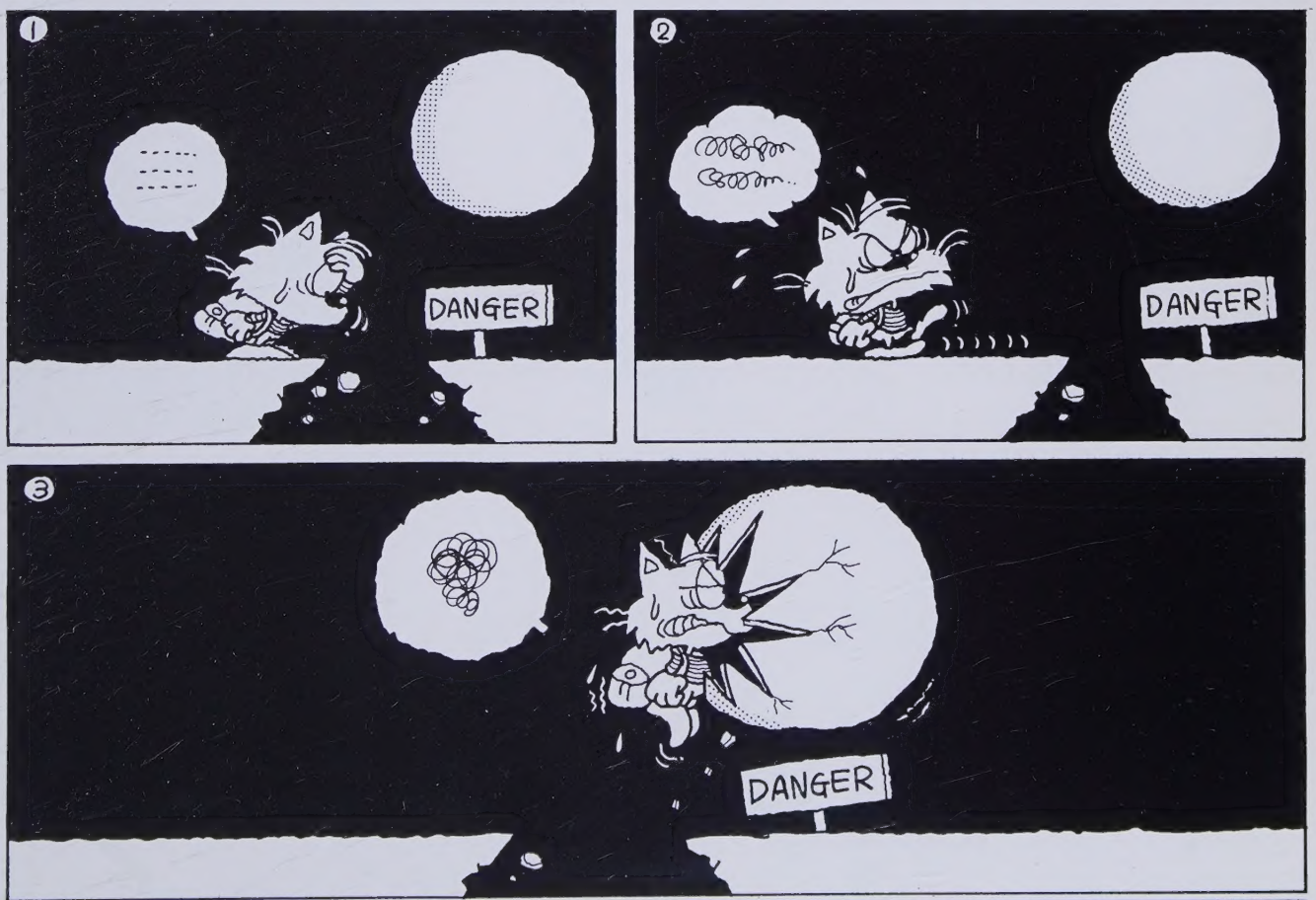
Without a word, Kwairyu disappears into the darkness...never to be seen or heard from again.

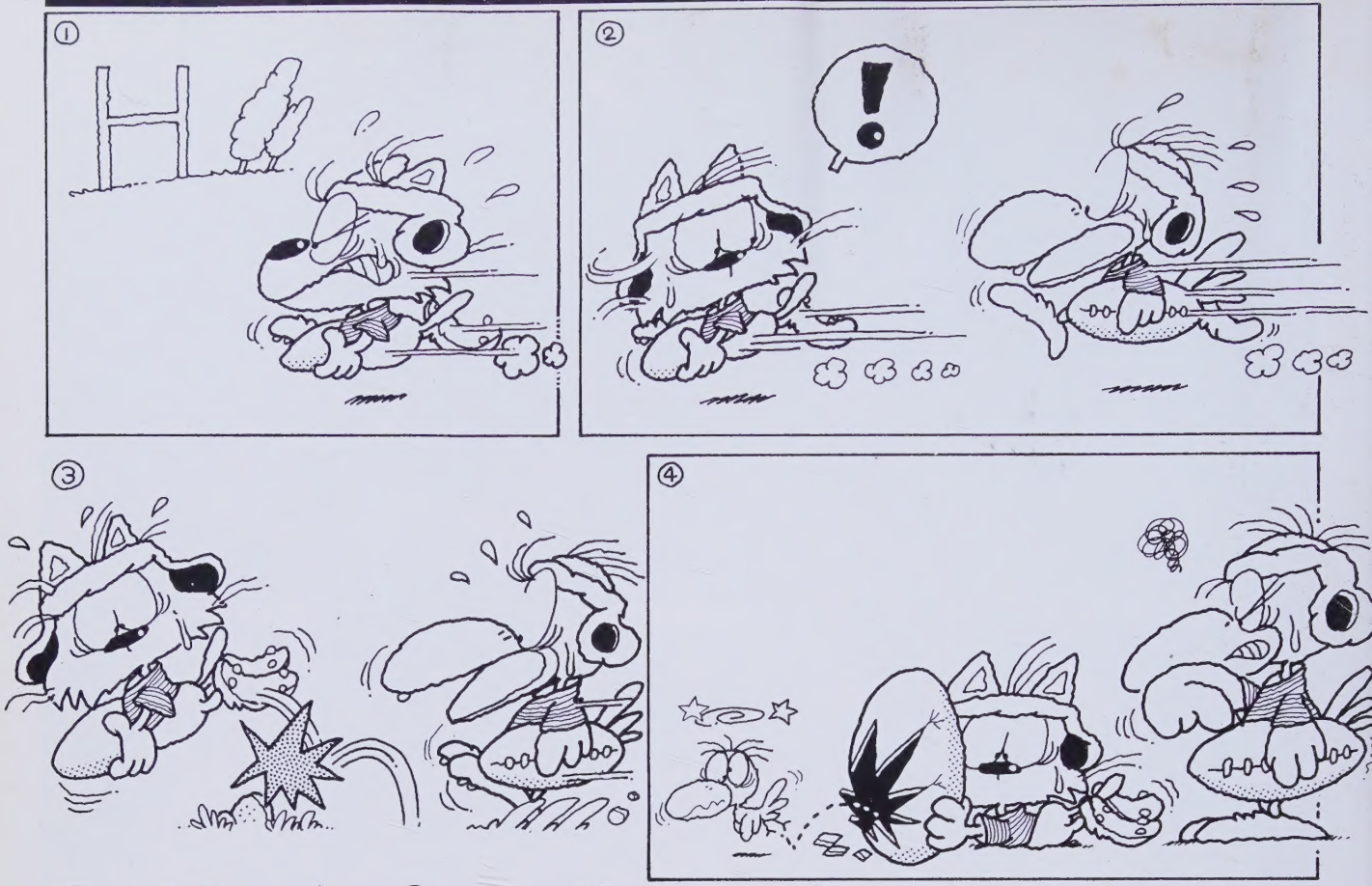
Maybe he has returned to the cottage in the hills. Perhaps he once again found Oyuki...no one shall ever know.
END



Cat In Animation

by Masayuki Wako





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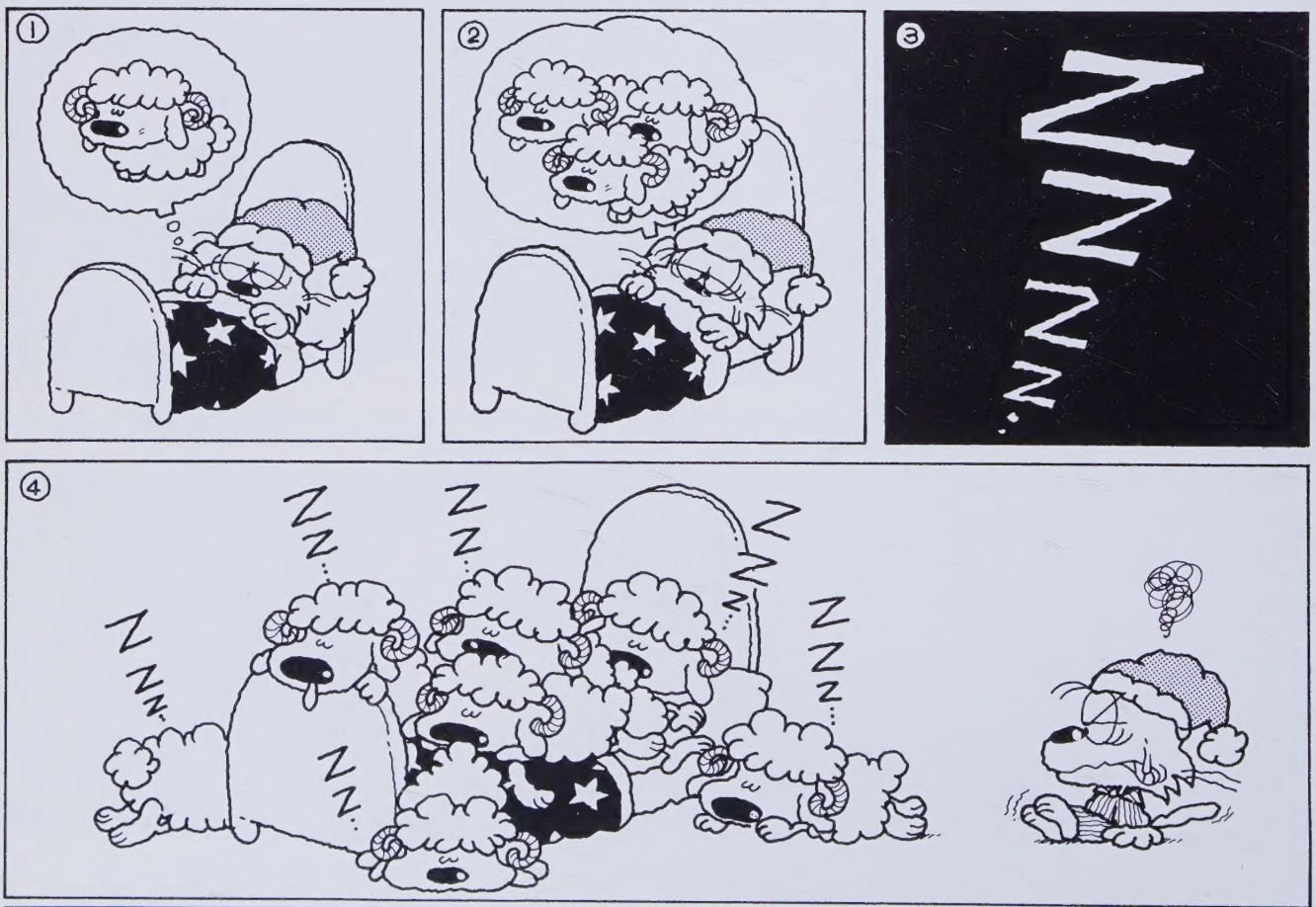

FROM EAST TO WEST

Perhaps the most widely read publication in Japan is the *"manga"* or comic book. Over seventy-seven million comic books are sold monthly throughout the country. Unfortunately, due to differences in languages, customs, and editorial practices virtually no *manga*s have been translated into English and introduced overseas. With the recent mounting interest in foreign countries about things Japanese, we felt that it is about time Japanese comic books – in short, a reflection of Japanese society – be made available for the enjoyment of comic readers all over the world.

MANGA is the first serious attempt ever to bring Japanese comics to international readers and almost all of the stories presented here are appearing in print for the first time anywhere. Our purpose in publishing MANGA is to give the non-Japanese reading public a visual taste of Japan and the creative talents that exist here. Nothing would give us greater pleasure, however, if in doing so we are able to boost the cultural understand in the west about Japan.

Your comments, criticisms, and requests will greatly help us in our efforts to bring you the best in visual entertainment from Japan.

Tadashi Ookawara

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